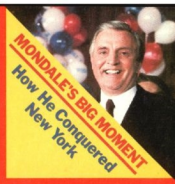


APRIL 16, 1984

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TIME

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How He Conquered
New York



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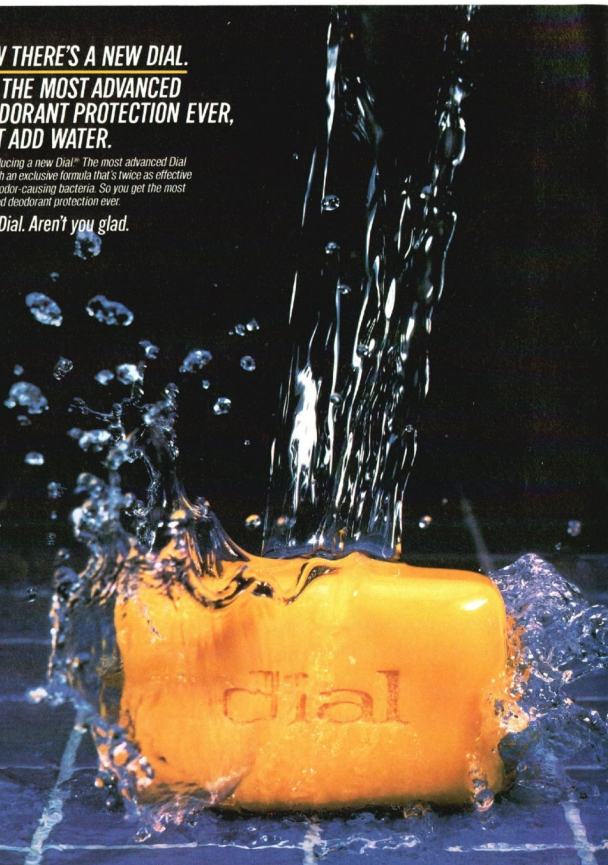
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A Letter from the Publisher

A TIME reader who was listening to the radio last week while looking at the current issue of the magazine might have experienced the odd shock of hearing the language of some of the stories leap off the page: "The twisters left behind scenes that might have been conceived by a macabre surrealist—in some farming areas the dead bodies of cows were found hanging from trees . . ." or "If the complex mission works, *Challenger* will have shown the world that costly satellites need no longer be allowed to die wastefully in space."

The source of the spoken words was the premier broadcasts of the Time World News Service (TWNS), a new entry in radio journalism that will draw its material from the pages of TIME and its 87 correspondents and 32 news bureaus around the world. It is not TIME's first foray into radio. That distinction belongs to *The March of Time*, heard from 1931 to 1945, probably the best-known of all documentary series. While *The March of Time* dramatized the news, however, TWNS will take a straightforward approach, presenting the actual content and prose style of TIME. Broadcast in more than 100 U.S. cities and more than 20 foreign countries,



TWNS's Lande, right, with staff announcer

the TWNS programming each week will consist of 15 condensed stories that will be aired throughout the day. The subject matter will range from cover articles through features on religion, science, politics, education, law and sports to reviews and an occasional Essay.

The idea for TWNS originated with the director of special projects for Time Inc.'s magazine group, Nathaniel Lande, who heads the new service. Each weekend as TIME goes to press, Lande, his deputy Edward Naylor and their staff will select the stories that best encapsulate the events and tone of the week. "It is a delicate art," says Lande of the alchemy that goes into the editing. "Not everything that is on a printed page works effectively when it is spoken. Nevertheless, it is our charter to honor each story's integrity while adapting it to another medium." The material is recorded at a New York City studio by a team of nine broadcast journalists, including Peter Thomas, Mike Baker and Fran Brill. Says Lande:

"With the revival of interest in radio, especially news radio, we think this kind of programming will extend TIME's presence not only around the country but around the world."

John A. Meyers

Index

Cover: Photograph by Dan Wynn



56 Cover: Software, the driving force behind the electronic revolution, gives machines the power to count and calculate, and performs tasks that improve people's lives. Its future is even brighter than its present. See **COMPUTERS**.



28 Word!: In a major show of power, more than 200 Soviet ships prowled the North Atlantic. ▶ French workers and Communists protest Mitterrand's cutbacks. ▶ Military shake-up in Honduras. ▶ A report on torture in 98 countries.



12 Nation: Mondale scores his biggest primary victory yet. ▶ Jackson's chance to play a pivotal role at the Democratic Convention becomes real. ▶ Hope is fading fast for a spring thaw in relations between Moscow and Washington.

42 Religion

States and courts are taking action against parents who deny their ailing children medical care for religious reasons.

70 Video

HBO's mini-series *The Far Pavilions* offers a sumptuous and romantic package tour of 19th century India.

43 Environment

G. Ray Arnett, boss of the Fish and Wildlife Service, is a macho outdoorsman who likes to twit environmentalist foes.

75 Art

Equally idolized and underrated, the problematic French painter Balthus has a retrospective at the Metropolitan.

44 Economy & Business

A reporter's indiscretion hits Wall Street and the *Journal*. ▶ Talk of tax reform. ▶ RCA turns off its video-disc player.

77 Books

Milan Kundera's novel fuses passion and philosophy. ▶ Candice Bergen's autobiography recalls life with father and dummy.

53 Behavior

German Greer's new book attacks the West's birth-control policy in the Third World and lauds chastity and the family.

81 Cinema

Ballrooms and buddies, an adult triangle and counterfeit bills are the varied subjects of four new motion pictures from France.

64 Sport

"Hoya paranoia" reigned as Georgetown took the college basketball championship. ▶ Kareem skies past Witt.

84 Essay

The American racial melodrama goes on in the psyche. So symbols like Jackson's candidacy have real power.

69 Living

There is a new look in wine: small vineyards are decorating their bottles with stylish, aesthetically appealing labels.

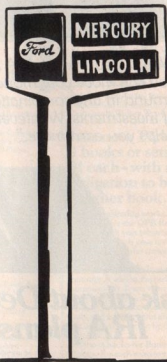
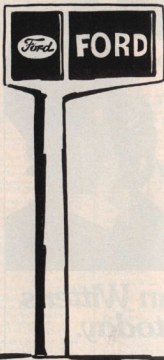
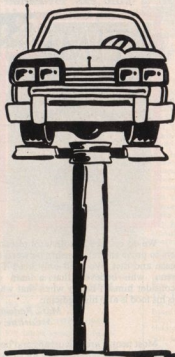
4 Letters

71 People

83 Press

83 Milestones

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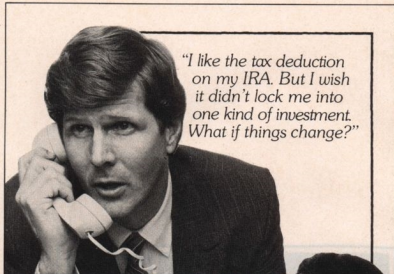
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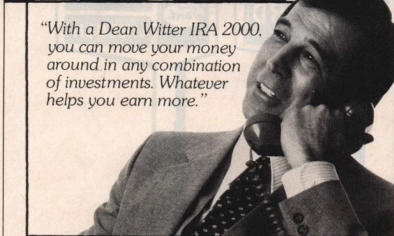


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Letters

Cut Cholesterol

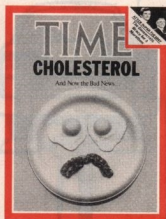
To the Editors:

One look at the eggs and bacon on your cover [MEDICINE, March 26] and my husband was immersed in your report on cholesterol. For years I have been talking against fried foods without success. Now one issue of TIME has him telling me we should watch what we eat!

Joan Warner Davidson
Rockville, Md.

Your story on cholesterol offers hope to millions of Americans. Why represent it with that sad face?

Richard J. Carroll
Midlothian, Ill.



We do not need cholesterol researchers to prove the relationship between disease and diet. We need only heed Thoreau, who believed that a man can consider himself happy when that which is his food is also his medicine.

Mark Radomsky
Carlisle, Pa.

Most people are epicureans and hedonists who would sell their soul for steak.

Robert G. Arthur
Kings Park, N. Y.

Your article on the link between lower cholesterol levels and the decline in the number of deaths from cardiovascular disease suggests that we should be consuming unpalatable foods. Prudent diets, which we recommend, are not punitive diets. People can limit rather than eliminate their intake of high-cholesterol foods like eggs and perhaps prolong their lives.

Claude Lenfant, M.D., Director
National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute
Bethesda, Md.

Instead of blaming red meat and eggs for their health problems, maybe people should give some thought to their gluttony. We in the livestock business have never advocated overindulgence. We produce high-quality products rich in vita-

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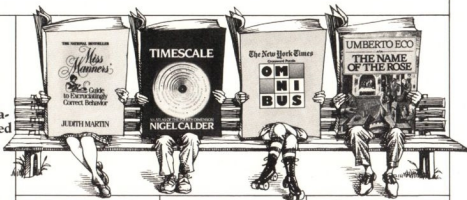
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Letters

mins, iron and protein. If the types of food we have been consuming for thousands of years are so bad for us, why is it that each generation is bigger and healthier and lives longer than the previous one?

*Hatch C. Smith, President
Livestock Marketing Association of Texas
Llano, Texas*

For people over 65 who have normal cholesterol, I have been recommending consumption of an egg every day. Many older people cease to eat sufficient protein and other important nutrients. The egg a day often helps them lead an active and healthy life.

*A. Edward Livingston, M.D.
Bloomington, Ill.*

To many people, cholesterol is usually synonymous with egg. I have heard people say they don't eat eggs yet hold a cigarette in one hand and a martini in the other. These same people will sit down to a meal of steak, French fries, a salad drowned in dressing, and pie à la mode. Cholesterol *per se* does not cause heart disease. Rather, a high cholesterol level may be a symptom that one's life-style is out of whack. Our focus should not be on eggs but on making appropriate changes in our life-styles.

*Jackie Storm, Nutritionist
New York City*

From the picture of the 85-year-old woman's cholesterol-laden arteries, can we assume she might have lived two or three years more if she had denied herself 80 years of enjoyable eating?

*Douglas A. Darch
Wake Forest, N.C.*

Few Friends

The fact that many nations fail to back us in the U.N. lends strong support to the demand that this country quit the international organization [NATION, March 26]. The indignity of our position in that body makes our continued membership untenable.

*John Breckenridge
Englewood, N.J.*

The Reagan Administration is wrong to punish nations that do not support us in the U.N. by tying foreign aid to pro-U.S. voting records.

*Robert Fredericks
Palmyra, Pa.*

You refer to our NATO ally Greece as a "fair-weather friend" because its voting record in the U.N. frequently differs from that of the U.S. Our votes in the U.N. reflect our national interests. Greece's votes are based on its national interests. If you favor and expect a "bloc" vote, you have

the wrong alliance in mind. For that, you will have to look to Moscow.

*Dennis Menos
Bethesda, Md.*

Meese's Troubles

If President Reagan can find no one better than Edwin Meese to be Attorney General [NATION, March 26], maybe it is time for those of us who voted for Reagan to find a better man to be President.

*Avis O. Gachet
Hickory, N.C.*

Senate Millionaires Howard Metzenbaum and Edward Kennedy are nitpicking the financial affairs of Ed Meese, who serves this country at great personal financial sacrifice. Their actions show them to be small-minded partisans, insensitive to the needs of someone who still works for a living.

*Bob McCafferty
Fair Oaks, Calif.*

Trial by Television

Live coverage of the Fall River rape trial by Cable News Network was excellent [PRESS, March 26]. It is not surprising, however, that the trial proceedings were pornographic, coarse, vulgar and unpleasant. Rape is ugly. There is no nice way to

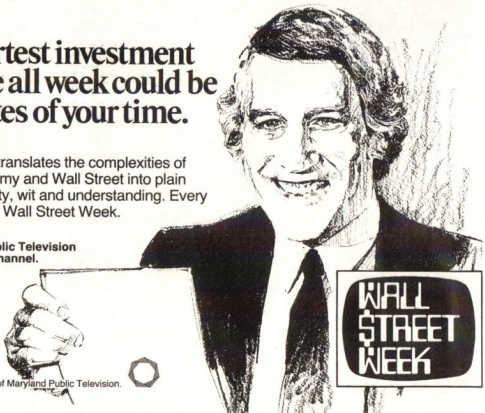
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Letters

resolve the legal question without the medical details. If we put our hands over our ears, we cannot make any progress in solving our social problems.

*Dee Wolfenbarger
Brownsville, Texas*

CNN made a mistake in showing only selected scenes of the rape trial. If testimony is to be televised, it should be shown in its entirety so that the public has the same information as the jury. As CNN presented the case, it was entertainment, not education.

*Russell O. Young
New York City*

Not only does a woman have to endure the humiliation and terror of gang rape, but she must now see her trial become a television show.

*Christina Nocera Wagner
Newtown Square, Pa.*

Hussein's Plain Talk

King Hussein's public statements expressing concern over this country's pro-Israel bias were long overdue [WORLD, March 26]. The Government's retaliation by immediately canceling the Stinger missiles to Jordan unfortunately proved his point.

*James A. Strand
Monterey, Calif.*

What a short memory Hussein has. Has he forgotten that in 1967 he attacked Israel despite Israel's pleas for Jordan to remain neutral? Had Hussein stayed out of the Six-Day War, the West Bank and part of Jerusalem would still be Jordan's.

*Frederick K. Bauer
Beverly Hills, Calif.*

No to Lilco

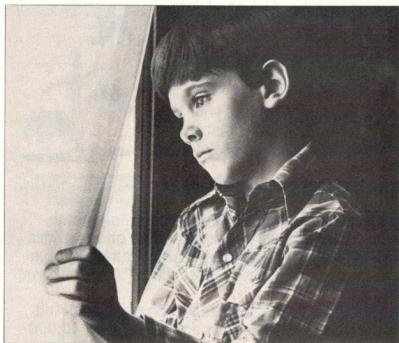
The article on nuclear power, "Pulling the Nuclear Plug" [ENERGY, Feb. 13], incorrectly states that Suffolk County's battle with Lilco over emergency planning has been resolved and that "emergency procedures were finally approved." No such approval has occurred.

Early in 1983, after exhaustive study, I concluded that it would be impossible to protect the county's 1.3 million residents in the event of a nuclear accident at the Shoreham facility. The county legislature agreed. No formal emergency plan has ever been approved by Suffolk County or the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

*Peter F. Cohalan, Executive
Suffolk County, N.Y.*

Analyzing Red Riding Hood

My point of view differs from that of the experts who are psychoanalyzing Little Red Riding Hood [BEHAVIOR, March 19]. I am puzzled by the popularity of a story about a grandmother who cannot live with her children, a mother who does



The abused child will grow up someday. Maybe.

Each year, over one million American children suffer from child abuse. Over 2,000 children die from it.

But what about those who survive?

Statistics show that an abused child-hood can affect a person's entire life.

Many teenage drug addicts and teenage prostitutes report being abused children.

So do juvenile delinquents and adult criminals.

The fact is, a large percentage of many American social problems stem directly from child abuse.

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The National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse is a private, charitable organization that knows how to prevent child abuse.

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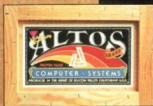
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not herself bring the food of charity but sends her little girl on such a dangerous errand, a hunter who does not appear early enough to accompany the child, and a father who does not show up at all. Can it be that the fairy tale tells us more about culture than about human nature?

*Eugene C. Su
Farmington Hills, Mich.*

Judging the Sinner

Marian Guinn, who was accused of misconduct by the leaders of the Church of Christ [RELIGION, March 26], knew that she was going against the teachings of the sect when she had an affair. Many people seek the church when they feel religious but forsake it whenever the tenets no longer please them.

*(The Rev.) John W. Littlefield
Hollywood*

I think it only fair to grant Marian Guinn the right to choose her own life-style. By the same measure, the courts should not have the right to intervene in religious controversy.

*(The Rev.) Kent Bailey
Lenoir City, Tenn.*

When someone voluntarily becomes a member of an organization, religious or secular, the rules and regulations governing that body must be followed. If they are not, the offender should be expelled, unless proper amends are made. It is that simple. A bad judicial decision in the Guinn case has possibly paved the way for many similar lawsuits.

*Windi G. Riggs
St. Augustine, Fla.*

The elders obviously did not read far enough into the New Testament. If they had, they would know Jesus' answer to the scribes and Pharisees in a comparable situation, *John 8: 7*. "Let him who is without sin among you be the first to throw a stone at her."

*Walter H. Huse
Fort Myers, Fla.*

Faint Praise

Accompanying your story on Iran's first five years under the Ayatullah Khomeini [WORLD, March 12] is a photo of Communists on trial. I was intrigued when an Iranian friend translated the poster behind the defendants. It reads: "England is worse than the U.S., but the Soviet Union is worse than both of them." Now tell me, how can England be worse than "the Great Satan"? A friend suggests that perhaps it is because Margaret Thatcher refuses to wear the veil.

*Bernie Steer
Goatania, Brazil*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Who helps bird-watchers work on their orthography?

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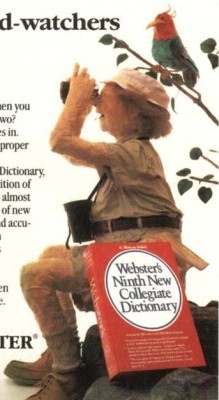
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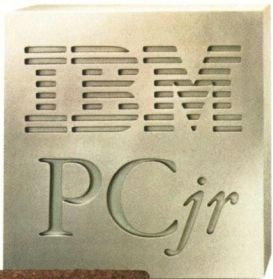


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TIME/APRIL 16, 1984

Fritz Hits One Out of the Park

In New York, he scores with the old coalition

CAMPAIGN



Despite his broken nose, Walter Mondale does not seem like much of a brawler. He wears gray business suits, his father was a Methodist minister, and his favorite sport is fishing. As a politician, he has displayed caution, even a certain softness.

But in the six weeks since Mondale lost the New Hampshire primary, he has jabbed and taunted Gary Hart. Last week he gave Hart a lesson in old-fashioned, gut-cutting New York politics. Mondale won the biggest primary so far, by a whopping 45% to 27%, and set himself up once again as the clear front runner in the Democratic race. Hart's appeal to a "new generation," his high-flown "new ideas" so seductive to the Yuppies of New England, fell flat among skeptical New Yorkers. Mondale, meanwhile, was able to piece together the old New Deal coalition of the poor and elderly, labor and Jews, party chiefs and "real Democrats."

His victory was not patchwork. Mondale swept nearly every age and income group. "We won everyone but the rich

Wasps," crowed an aide. The landslide left Mondale ebullient. "If I can make it here, I can make it anywhere," he told a roaring victory celebration, paraphrasing a line from the *Theme from New York, New York*. The victory brought his delegate total to 900, compared with Hart's 520, and emphatically proved that Mondale can win the support of voters as well as party bosses.

Still, Mondale owed much to the backing of the state's Democratic leaders—New York City Mayor Ed Koch, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and particularly Governor Mario Cuomo. In exit polling, 20% of New York voters said they were influenced by the endorsements, and 90% of that group voted for Mondale. Virtually taking control of Mondale's campaign, serving as both surrogate and spokesman for the former Vice President, Cuomo established himself as a national figure in his own right.

The other big winner was Jesse Jackson. By turning out the black vote en masse, he came within one percentage point of overtaking Hart's stalled campaign. Yet Hart outspent Jackson on political advertising \$800,000 to zero. It was an



A jubilant Mondale reaches into the victory night

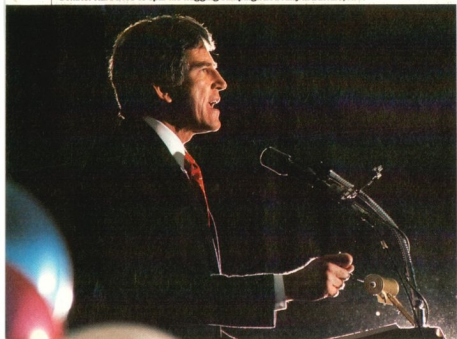
extraordinary showing by the charismatic civil rights leader. He won well over 80% of the black vote, as well as the respect he demands from white Democratic leaders. They will have to listen very carefully when Jackson asks a price for the several hundred delegates he expects to bring to the Democratic Convention in San Francisco this July (see following story).

Hart's crash left aides sifting through the wreckage, trying to figure out how they erred in order to rebuild the campaign for this week's Pennsylvania primary. They did not have to look hard.

His first mistake was to bicker with Mondale. Taken aback by Mondale's onslaught, Hart was defensive and churlish. Too late, he tried to clamber back on the highroad. "I have really tried very hard not to attack anyone in this race," he insisted in a local television debate two days before the primary. "Voters are fed up with this penny ante, picky business." But he could not restrain himself and fell to quibbling with Mondale over who had started the negative campaigning. Chastened by the New York landslide, Hart grimly announced, "If New York proved anything, it was that he [Mondale] got me down to his level, and he's not going to do that any more."

On the major issue of the New York primary, foreign policy, Hart played politics—and lost. He tried to outpromise Mondale for the Jewish vote, falling into a

Senator Hart tries to spur his flagging campaign at a rally in Buffalo, N.Y.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROG



crowd as two prominent backers, Feminist Betty Friedan and New York City Mayor Ed Koch, applaud

foolish argument over who was most eager to move the U.S. embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, a touchy issue not likely to be settled satisfactorily during an election year. At the same time, he accused Mondale of endangering young men by agreeing with President Reagan's Central American policies. (Mondale counters that he would keep only a small military force in the region and would not support the *contra* rebels in Nicaragua.) A Hart television ad showed a slowly burning fuse and asked, "Remember Viet Nam?"

Mondale counterattacked with his own ad showing a red phone ringing ominously in the night, as a voice asked voters whether they really wanted an "unsure, unsteady, untested hand" to answer. Declared Cuomo's political counselor, Timothy Russert: "The red phone beat the burning fuse. The phone symbolized Mondale's maturity. The fuse was hot and uncertain and excitable, and I think it blew up in Hart's face."

Exit polls support Russert: voters did doubt Hart's experience and steadiness. But as Hart points out, he had only six weeks to get his message across to a public that had barely heard of him before the Iowa caucuses (in early February, only 15% of Democratic voters could name him as a candidate). The intense magnification of instant celebrity made even Hart's slightest slip look like a lurch and sent

voters scurrying into the safer, more familiar embrace of Mondale.

Mondale's aides sensed that Hart could be rattled. Said one: "Hart is quite brittle. He can't admit mistakes. They are always the fault of some aide." They had little trouble persuading Mondale to take up the cudgel. "He warmed right up to it," marveled an aide. Mondale believed that he had Hart covered.

While Hart was maneuvering around ineffectively on foreign policy, Mondale was appealing to the economic worries of New Yorkers, vowing to protect their jobs from foreign competition, never to cut Social Security and to restore cuts in programs for the poor. The pitch worked in New York, which has an unemployment rate of 6.9%; the Mondale camp hoped it would work even better in Pennsylvania, where joblessness stands at almost 10%. Last week Mondale pointedly reminded Pittsburgh voters that he pushed—and Hart opposed—federal aide to the nearby Wheeling steel plant.

Mondale's big victories—Michigan, Illinois, Alabama, New York—have mainly come in states with high unemployment. Hart has generally won in states with brighter economic prospects. Pennsylvania has important elements of Mondale's coalition, including a higher median age than any other state except

Florida and New Jersey, and almost as many union members as New York. Like New York, Pennsylvania does not allow Republicans and independents to vote in its Democratic primary, cutting down Hart's more broad-based appeal.

Mondale, however, did not have a large base of Jewish voters to build on in Pennsylvania, where they make up some 3% of the Democratic enrollment. In New York, Jews make up about a quarter of the party and went for Mondale 2 to 1. Nor could Mondale count on a Democratic power structure in Pennsylvania; the state's Governor and two Senators are Republicans. He did have the support of Philadelphia Mayor W. Wilson Goode, but Goode's black following figured to be split, if not swallowed by Jackson.

At week's end Hart was striving mightily to focus his campaign of "new ideas" on the main issue of the Pennsylvania primary, the state's flagging industrial economy. He insisted that a piecemeal approach to rescuing companies with federal loans—like the cash infusion for Chrysler that Vice President Mondale helped arrange and Senator Hart voted against—was not the answer. Scoffing at "leadership that offers worn-out, stale promises, bailouts and Band-Aids," Hart presented himself as the only candidate with an overall plan for revitalizing the nation's old industries, such as steel and autos.

Hart offered an intriguing proposal to set up funds for retraining workers by requiring contributions from both employees and employers, with the Federal Government chipping in on behalf of lower-paid workers. But his main gambit would be to gather in the Oval Office the business and labor leaders of several "keystone" industries (he put steel, which is sagging badly in Pennsylvania, at "the top of the list") and representatives of private capital to work out a giant deal. Management would get loans to modernize factories, and workers would get job guarantees in return for putting off wage hikes. There is a model of sorts for this exercise in White House jawboning in President Kennedy's success at persuading some domestic steel companies to reduce their prices in 1962. But that involved just one industry and one specific issue, and even then it thoroughly exasperated J.F.K.

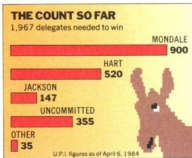
If Hart tried to keep his economic proposals on a high plane, he also resumed his attack on Mondale as the tool of special interests who makes promises he cannot later keep. In front of the Frankford Arsenal in Philadelphia, shut down by the Carter Administration in 1977, Hart noted that Mondale, as a candidate for Vice President in 1976, had promised to keep it open. Hart could not resist making a few promises of his own. With an eye toward Pennsylvania's large elderly vote, he vowed to veto any cuts in Social Security. He also argued that he was the only candidate with a real chance of beating Reagan. A Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* poll supported him, showing Hart ahead of the incumbent 52% to 38% but Reagan leading Mondale 48% to 42%.

Nation

For the most part, though, Hart managed to avoid the backbiting that crippled him in New York. At a debate sponsored by the League of Women Voters in Pittsburgh, both candidates were on their best behavior. They had been warned against outbursts by Moderator Elizabeth Drew, the prim *New Yorker* writer who wanted none of the unseemly clashes cheerfully tolerated by CBS Anchorman Dan Rather, who had presided over a slugfest a week earlier in New York. At that debate, the candidates sat around a small table and took turns tattooing each other. In Pittsburgh, they sat behind lecterns and politely exchanged paragraphs of their stump speeches. Even when the time came to question one another, they tossed softballs. (Mondale to Hart: "I support the freeze. What's your view?" Hart: "I share that fundamental belief with you...")

Hart expected to lose Pennsylvania, but he considered it just one more round in a "Ping Pong match." Last week in Wisconsin, Hart narrowly won a "beauty contest" popular vote on Tuesday, but lost the actual delegate selection at the party caucuses on Saturday, by 2 to 1. Of the remaining 1,601 delegates to be chosen after this week, almost a third—563—are from Western states. Coloradoan Hart expects to "do well" in such forums as his home state on May 7, Oregon on May 15 and

California on June 5. He also thinks he can bounce back in the Midwest (Ohio, May 8) and East (New Jersey, June 5). For now, he says, "the voters are buying time. They're not going to let anyone have this nomination early and easy." Democratic officials regard Hart's position as more precarious, noting that, after Penn-



sylvania, Hart must win roughly two out of every three delegates. "Gary can suffer a loss in Pennsylvania and still be a viable candidate, but he has to win everything after that," says a top party strategist.

Mondale seemed back on course after a harrowing March, but to get there he had to steer a low road. His aides say that their candidate will continue to pummel Hart "until we beat him." They realize that the strategy could suddenly turn sour,

but they also recall that, when Mondale was on the high road, he began to lose, and badly. Taking the offensive helps Mondale conceal a fundamental weakness in his campaign: to many voters, the old-line Democratic Party that he stands for has no driving theme. At the same time, Mondale's verbal jabs all but drowned out Hart's attempts to explain his new ideas, which he must do to broaden his support.

The Republicans watched the struggle with barely concealed joy. "We think it will go on right until California, and the longer their fight goes on, the better it is for us," said a senior White House official. Most G.O.P. strategists hope that Mondale emerges the winner. They doubt he can reach much beyond a core of 40% of the electorate, the old Democratic coalition of the poor, labor and minorities that worked for him in New York. Last week a Gallup poll showed Reagan's approval rating at 55% nationwide.

Still, the President seemed slightly rusty fielding questions at his press conference last week, and a little desperate to make some headlines. For all their scars, the Democrats have been hogging the limelight. They have also become nimble debaters and seasoned campaigners. Says Cuomo Aide Russert: "We love to fight. It keeps us in good shape." —By Evan Thomas. Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Hays Gorey with Hart

The Great Equalizer

Ever since President Dwight Eisenhower used TV to advertise his 1952 campaign, political purists have fretted that it might be possible to market a national leader on image alone—that voters would respond to the sizzle and forget to ask, "Where's the steak?" Presidential candidates spend up to \$16 million on broadcast messages, and media strategists often become their most powerful advisers. The conventional wisdom is that a candidate's ads set the tone and direction for his campaign. But conventional wisdom in American politics has a way of being debunked, and this year the prideful place of paid ads is being taken by an older and far less expensive form of political communication, the debate.

The most dramatic example came in New York's primary, where Gary Hart spent \$800,000 on TV and radio ads, yet finished far behind Walter Mondale (who spent about \$350,000) and barely ahead of Jesse Jackson (who spent nothing). Some critics judged in retrospect that Hart's burning-fuse commercial was not only unbelievable in its implication that Mondale is warlike but also "out of synch" with Hart's efforts to put himself forward as a visionary leader. Said Consultant David Sawyer, who advised John Glenn: "Hart's TV spots did not reinforce the basic issues of his campaign." Moreover, to some reporters and perhaps to voters, the attacking Hart of TV ads was not the same personality as the frequently defensive and sometimes conciliatory figure he seemed in the New York debate. Mondale was more consistently on the attack, both in ads and as he presented himself for news stories, which cost nothing. But David Garth, his New York media strategist, contended that commercials rarely have much impact in a presidential primary anyway,

because they have only days to get a message across.

Nearly all the analysts agreed on one broad point: debates have proved the great equalizer, allowing underfinanced candidates to compete on even terms. Said New York Congressman Charles Schumer, who helped organize the year's first televised Democratic round table, at January's Dartmouth College free-for-all: "The debates have become the crucible we hoped for." Key themes of the campaign have emerged from the six subsequent national TV debates—two more on PBS, plus two on Cable News Network, one on the C-Span cable network, and the one in New York on CBS. Apart from their direct impact on viewers, debates are excerpted on TV news and help set the agenda for the press. When Hart asked Mondale in an Iowa debate to cite one issue on which he had differed with labor, Mondale ducked the question; for days afterward, journalists kept posing the same query, fostering the impression Hart had sought to make, that Mondale is overly beholden to his supporters. In Atlanta, Mondale turned to Hart and cracked, "When I hear your new ideas, I'm reminded of that ad 'Where's the beef?'" That skewering sentence became perhaps the most excerpted "sound bite" from the 60-minute debate and served as effectively as any commercial to convey Mondale's message that Hart lacks substance.

Jackson, who played the peacemaker in the New York debate and was judged by some commentators to have "won," may have achieved his victory the moment he sat down: just by appearing on an equal basis with Hart and Mondale, he was able to convey to his chief constituency, black voters, that casting a ballot for him was not an irrelevant act. Mondale and Hart, who squabbled almost nonstop in New York—not least about each other's accusatory TV ads—apparently took their cue from Jackson's success. In last Thursday's debate in Pittsburgh, there was barely a murmur of discord.

What Does Jesse Really Want?

After his New York showing, Jackson can drive a hard bargain

CAMPAIGN



When they write the history of this [primary], the longest chapter will be on Jackson. The man didn't have two cents. He didn't have one television or radio ad. And look what he did!

—New York Governor Mario Cuomo

What the Rev. Jesse Jackson did in last week's New York Democratic primary was to instill an almost religious fervor for the act of voting—and specifically voting for him—in blacks. Campaigning to the edge of physical exhaustion, orating in as many as five churches a day in New York City's ghettos, at the end literally marching hundreds of parishioners from a Harlem church to a nearby polling place, Jackson inspired an outpouring of black voters without precedent in the Empire State. An estimated 270,000 blacks cast ballots, easily double the turnout for the Carter-Kennedy primary in 1980. According to various exit polls, anywhere from 84% to 92% of them pulled the voting-machine lever for Jackson, well exceeding the percentages he drew in earlier primaries in Illinois and the South.

Among New York's other minorities, Jackson ran only well enough to make his Rainbow Coalition a bit less monochromatic. He won less than a quarter of the Hispanic vote, about 10% of the votes of Asian Americans and a mere 6% to 7% of white ballots. Nonetheless, the tide of black votes pushed his statewide total to 26%, his best primary showing to date.

That performance revived, and with new urgency, the central question of the Jackson campaign: Just what does he want? Actually winning the nomination for himself is as far out of the question as ever, and Jackson disclaims any idea of bargaining for a Cabinet post or some other high-ranking job in a Democratic Administration. He recognizes that he is most effective as a preacher and civil rights leader, temperamentally unsuited to be a good, gray bureaucrat.

But Jackson's chances of playing a pivotal role at the July convention in San Francisco are growing steadily, and he may be able to drive a hard bargain with the eventual nominee for support in the fall campaign against Ronald Reagan. In the wake of his New York showing, some Jackson aides have begun talking in euphoric, kingmaker tones. Says Press Secretary Frank Watkins: "Jesse has the balance of power in the election. By sitting on his hands or running as a third-party candidate he could return Reagan to power. By throwing his support to Hart, he could eliminate Mondale. By dropping out or throwing support to Mondale, he could eliminate Hart." In Washington, the Democratic National Committee has begun studying what accommodations

might be made in the party platform to meet potential Jackson demands. Says one slightly apprehensive D.N.C. official: "If he walks in [to the convention] with 25 demands and wants floor fights on all of them, he will have done a disservice to the future ambitions of this party."

Some of this talk clearly is exaggerated. The chances of a Jackson third-party candidacy are close to zero. Jackson, whose political shrewdness matches his evangelical fervor, realizes that an independent bid is the one thing that could damage his hero status in the black community, since it would help re-elect the Republican President many of his followers are passionately eager to defeat. In a speech last week to a nearly all-black crowd of 3,000 greeting him at a railroad

at least 20% in military spending, which seems unrealistic to the point of political suicide. And runoff primaries are fiercely defended by many Southern whites whose votes would also be crucial in a campaign against Reagan.

How tough a bargain Jackson might be able to strike, of course, depends in large part on how crucial the bloc of delegates he brings to San Francisco turns out to be in deciding the nomination. Going into this week's Pennsylvania primary, that bloc stood at 147 and it is sure to grow. Jackson is not campaigning in every state; indeed, he was talking last week of taking a brief vacation in the Caribbean after the Pennsylvania primary, a luxury neither Mondale nor Hart would dare contemplate. Nonetheless, by convention time Jackson has high hopes of adding many more delegates from such states as Louisiana, North Carolina, Ohio and California, each of which has a potential black vote estimated at 10% or higher.



Campaigning to the edge of exhaustion, the candidate addresses a street rally in Harlem after the convention, a half-hearted endorsement or full evangelical fervor?

station in Philadelphia, Jackson seemed to be preparing his followers for a unified effort against Reagan in the fall by stressing that their votes should not go exclusively to black candidates. Said Jackson: "When blacks vote in great numbers, our progressive white allies can win. Peace candidates can win. Latinos can win."

In an interview with TIME aboard his charter plane flying from Pittsburgh to Madison, Wis., during which he came close to falling asleep from exhaustion, Jackson insisted that he had just two "litmus-test" demands for Mondale or Hart to meet in return for his support. They are a "peace" plank and a solid commitment to end the runoff-primary system that, in his view, blocks the election of many more black candidates to federal and state office. Neither demand, however, would be easy for the eventual Democratic nominee to meet. "Peace" in Jackson's terms includes his demand for an outright cut of

In a closely divided convention, the Jackson bloc could become the target of a bidding war between candidates unable to amass the 1,967 votes needed for the nomination. But it is also possible that Mondale—less likely, Hart—could come into the convention with enough strength to win the prize no matter how the Jackson delegates voted. Even in such a case, though Jackson's bargaining power would be reduced, it would be far from eliminated. For the eventual nominee, the difference between defeat and victory in November's balloting could hinge on whether Jackson gave him a half-hearted endorsement or enlisted in his behalf the full fervor Jackson has inspired in the black community.

That fervor has to be seen to be believed. In New York, well-dressed, usually sedate congregations of black churches regularly welcomed him by clapping, stomping their feet and screaming. "Win, Jesse, win!" Crowds punctuated his lit-

Nation

anies with wild applause and shouts of encouragement. In Pittsburgh last week, appealing for more federal aid to education, Jackson intoned, "Full scholarship to Penn State, four years, \$20,000. Full scholarship, state pen, four years, \$90,000. Train our youth! Train our youth! Train our youth!" Applause and cheers rose to screams with each repetition.

Jackson often gives a religious flavor to his theme of voting as a means of elevating black pride and dignity. His current favorite line, repeated with variations at every stop, refers to the shooting of Martin Luther King Jr. 16 years ago. In Pittsburgh last week it went like this: "On April 4, 1968, there was a crucifixion in Memphis. In New York this week we began to roll the stone away. The crucifixion of April 1968 will become the resurrection of April 1984." Supporters sometimes come close to deifying Jackson too. The Rev. Calvin Butts introduced the candidate to the congregation of the Convent Avenue Baptist Church in Harlem by crying: "Jesse Jackson is the son of God! He will set the devil running away!"

Amid such high emotions, Jackson has largely escaped the intense scrutiny and criticism on policy issues that other candidates must endure. His rivals would raise military spending much less than Reagan advocates, but Jackson nonetheless attacks them for backing any increase at all. Says he: "Gary Hart and Walter

Mondale can't have a missile in one hand and a dove in the other." His rivals have not responded with assaults on his plea for deep defense cuts, primarily because they do not see how it would gain them any votes. Jackson sometimes complains that the press does not feature his stands on issues as prominently as those of his rivals. But he has failed to provide figures on how much his domestic programs, such as increased aid to education and job retraining, would cost.

It might seem odd, then, that the core demand Jackson will press at the convention concerns the apparently technical matter of runoff primaries. But to Jackson it is central to his fundamental purpose: increasing black political power. Under the runoff system, which operates in ten Southern states and in some cities, two primaries are often necessary to decide a party nomination: if several candidates compete in the first and no one wins an outright majority, the two leaders must face each other in a second, runoff primary. In Jackson's view, this system prevents black candidates from winning office except in areas where blacks are a majority of voters. Says he: "Second primaries are the civil rights issue of this campaign. We're talking about displacing 20 Congressmen, about affecting Governors and Senators and mayors." He adds: "I could not in good conscience embrace a candi-

date" who failed to pledge elimination of runoffs.

Officially, the convention could not abolish the system; that would require a state-by-state rewrite of election laws. Jackson replies that the party and its nominee could pledge to attack runoff primaries in court as violations of the federal Voting Rights Act of 1965. In any case, white Southern Democrats would fiercely resist an attack on runoffs. Says Georgia Democratic Chairman Bert Lance: "We are a majority-vote nation." Lance professes to be a friend of Jackson's but asserts that if Jackson presses an attack on runoffs at the convention, "he will run into a fellow who will go to the wall with him on it."

A compromise might be possible. Democratic National Committee officials are talking, for example, of lowering to 40% the percentage of votes that a candidate must win in a first primary in order to avoid a runoff. The Mondale camp indicates it could accept that; Hart has said he favors the single primary. Jackson yearns to put his political clout behind the nominee in a campaign that would cement his new standing as a national figure. Whether the contenders can come up with a deal that would permit him to do so is one of the questions that figure to make the Democratic Convention quite a show.

—By George J. Church. Reported by Timothy Loughran/New York and Jack E. White with Jackson

"Punish the Traitor"

"We're going to make an example of Milton Coleman!" cried the religious leader on a radio show broadcast from Chicago. "What do [we] intend to do to Mr. Coleman? At this point, no physical harm... We're going to punish the traitor and make the traitor beg for forgiveness... One

day soon we will punish you with death!... This is a fitting punishment for such dogs." Coleman's wife, he promised, would "go to hell... the same punishment that's due that no-good, filthy traitor." The speaker: Louis Farrakhan, leader of the black Nation of Islam and an important supporter of Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign. His target: Milton Coleman, a veteran black reporter who has covered Jackson for the *Washington Post*. When asked about the threat, Jackson conceded that it was "wrong." But he declined to condemn his Muslim chum. "I cannot assume responsibility for every statement made by a friend or supporter of mine," Jackson argued. That Farrakhan's three-week-old speech became an issue just before the New York primary, Jackson says, suggests political "tricks and treachery."

Farrakhan is riled at Coleman for reporting, in a *Post* story in February, that Jackson privately disparaged Jews with the term Hymie and referred to New York City as

"Hymietown." To the Muslim leader, the reporter violated black solidarity by writing a story that hurt Jackson. Coleman and other black journalists, he said, are "pure chump operative[s]" of white editors. Farrakhan's 10,000-member sect, an offshoot of the less militant and racially integrated American Muslim Mission (membership: 100,000), has provided guards for Jackson. At a Nation of Islam rally a little over a month ago, Farrakhan touched off a brouhaha by threatening Jackson critics, especially Jews. "If you harm this brother," he vowed, with Jackson a few feet away, "I warn you in the name of Allah this will be the last one you harm."

Jackson attempted to cool last week's controversy by blandly suggesting that everybody had a point. Farrakhan and Coleman, Jackson said, are "two very able professionals caught in a cycle that could be damaging to their careers." He was trying to set up a peace conference for this week. Last Thursday Farrakhan phoned Coleman at the *Post*. "There have never been threats," the Muslim leader claimed, "and never will be threats to your life." Coleman remains wary. Says he: "I would look forward to meeting [with] Jackson and Reverend Farrakhan as soon as the threat to me and my family is removed. But the way it stands now, that threat remains." Indeed, Washington police have stationed officers at Coleman's home and office for his protection.



Farrakhan speaking in New Orleans last week

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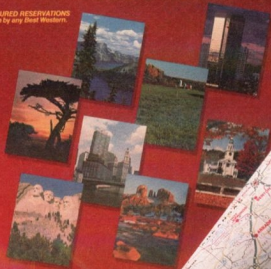
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An East-West Cold Front

Hopes fade for a spring thaw between Moscow and Washington

It was the kind of statesmanlike undertaking that Presidents relish unveiling in the course of a televised news conference. "I have an important announcement," said Ronald Reagan last week in the East Room of the White House. "In two weeks I will send Vice President Bush to Geneva to present to the 40-nation conference on disarmament a bold American initiative for a comprehensive worldwide ban on chemical weapons." Just in case anyone had missed the larger message, the President added: "This latest initiative reflects my continuing strong commitment to arms control."

do nothing that might politically help the man whom one Soviet commentator called "the worst U.S. President since Truman." The prospects for significant progress in the superpowers' relations for the remainder of this year have rarely appeared dimmer. Said one top Reagan aide of the chances for a thaw: "I think under any scenario we're talking about next year."

Even last week's initiative on chemical warfare was framed in terms guaranteed to invite Soviet objections. Because Moscow's "extensive arsenal of chemical weapons threatens U.S. forces," said Re-

emptive concessions. I am prepared to discuss areas of possible trade-offs. But it would not be prudent to make a change in our position now."

Reagan's decree seemed to reflect the tugging match between State and Defense as well as his own failure to mediate the bickering and frame a coherent foreign policy. Sighed one top White House adviser: "There is no willingness to take arms control out of the bureaucracy and get down to business." Secretary of State George Shultz, whose efforts to lessen tensions with Moscow last year were scuttled by the Soviet downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, is once again working to improve East-West relations. Shultz, said an aide, is convinced that "we need to make the push to see conclusively what can come about." But the civilian wing of the Pentagon is determined to wait the



Dobrynin: small talk on small issues Reagan: "We are not going to make pre-emptive concessions" Shultz: the U.S. must make a push

The opening move in the chess game has been made, but the prospects for real progress remain dim.

The Administration's proposal to outlaw the production and stockpiling of deadly nerve gas and other chemical weapons is just one move in a diplomatic East-West chess game that is still in its early stages. Later this month, Washington is also scheduled to endorse a new NATO proposal at the eleven-year-old negotiations in Vienna aimed at reducing NATO and Warsaw Pact troop levels in Europe. Discussions between the U.S. and the Soviets on such matters as the opening of a new consulate in each nation and resuming cultural exchanges will probably take place within a few weeks. There is even a hint of movement on the nuclear front: an Administration study group is in the process of examining potential new compromises in the stalled strategic arms talks. Says a senior U.S. diplomat in Washington: "The time seems right to move matters Soviet off dead center."

Yet in almost every case, the White House has been able to patch together agreements between the State Department and the Pentagon only with the greatest difficulty. This bureaucratic battling has produced little that seems likely to interest the Kremlin, which wants to

maintain "a limited retaliatory capability of its own, until we achieve an effective ban." In fact, while negotiations proceed, Reagan plans to go ahead and modernize the U.S. chemical arsenal, which has been in mothballs since 1969. In addition, the U.S. will insist on the right to inspect for Soviet chemical weapons not only on "declared sites," where they are known to be manufactured, but anywhere it suspects they might be made. The Soviet news agency TASS immediately branded the offering "nothing short of a propaganda trick" and accused Reagan of trying to block an agreement "by making patently unacceptable conditions for 'verification' and 'enforcement.'"

On the crucial matter of nuclear arms control, TIME has learned that the Administration has decided for now not to modify its bargaining stance on strategic weapons as an enticement to reopen the talks, which were suspended by the Soviets after U.S. intermediate-range missiles began arriving in Western Europe last November. After listening to arguments for and against offering such a carrot, Reagan told a National Security Council meeting two weeks ago, "We are not going to make pre-

Soviets out—in some cases more stubbornly than the Joint Chiefs. Shrugged a Defense Department official: "The Soviets are the ones who walked out."

Both Shultz and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger came away from the NSC meeting on arms control feeling they had won half a loaf: even though there will be no new U.S. initiative for the time being, an interagency group was ordered to draft possible trade-off options should the Soviets come back to the bargaining table. Working with the provisions of the unratified SALT II agreement, plus each side's final proposal in the more recent strategic arms talks in Geneva, the group is refining what the State Department calls a "framework" approach. It would incorporate the American goal of cutting the number of warheads on large land-based missiles, which form the backbone of the Soviet arsenal, and the Kremlin's objective of addressing the U.S. advantage in bombers and other types of launchers. Says one participant: "Neither existing proposal goes far enough to satisfy the other side. We want to broaden the scope to encompass the tomato and the tomatito." State Department officials

Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

At the Elbow of Power

hope that even though the Pentagon's stonewalling has kept the Administration from officially presenting this approach, press reports and back-channel discussions with the Soviets about it might lead to a resumption of talks.

In other areas, the Pentagon hardliners clearly have the upper hand. Soviet Party Boss Konstantin Chernenko suggested shortly after taking power in February that the U.S. show its good intentions by ratifying an agreement signed ten years ago restricting atomic tests above a certain size; the Administration is going in the opposite direction by planning to insist that the verification provisions of the pact be tightened. Reagan has also rejected the Soviet proposal for a ban on antisatellite weapons systems in space, saying that the matter is not even worth negotiating because no agreement could be verified.

Not that the Soviets have been terribly helpful in promoting a thaw. The flicker of conciliation that flashed when Chernenko first took power has long since been extinguished. The Soviet leader's replies to two letters from Reagan seeking specific responses on various issues consisted of "puzzling vagaries," according to a State Department official privy to the correspondence. A third letter, carried by retired General Brent Scowcroft, head of the President's Bipartisan Commission on Strategic Forces, on a private visit to Moscow, failed to reach Chernenko because the Soviets refused to let Scowcroft deliver it at an appropriate diplomatic level. Says Harvard Professor Paul Doty, who was traveling with Scowcroft: "That was the Soviet way of saying they will not respond to an informal probe." In addition, Moscow last week deployed more than 200 ships in the largest war-games exercise ever staged by the Soviet navy (see WORLD).

Only on the smallest issues is progress being made. Shultz met with Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin in Washington last week, and U.S. Ambassador Arthur Hartman met with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Moscow, to discuss possible new consulates in New York City and Kiev and the revival of cultural and scientific exchanges. Plans to open the consulates had been postponed and the exchanges halted in 1980 after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Shultz, for one, hopes that these small steps will lead to greater diplomatic leaps. Reagan's political advisers hope that they will dispel the growing perception that the President is too rigid in dealing with the Soviets and unable to choose between his feuding advisers. But the aging leaders in the Kremlin, plagued by their own internal disarray, show little desire to see these vague hopes fulfilled—at least not in a year when Ronald Reagan is running for re-election. —By William R. Doerner. Reported by Douglas Brew and Johanna McGeary/Washington

Bill Hopkins gives a melancholy sigh when he reads about the security barriers around the White House and about the huge budget (\$23 million) and staff (322) that serve the President. As a clerk for the Bureau of Naturalization in Herbert Hoover's Administration, he used to amble out of his office on G Street for lunch as just another pedestrian with no security pass other than his amiable attitude. He would walk all the way through the old State, War and Navy Building (now the Executive Office Building), climb the steps beside the West Wing of the White House, where the President worked, trudge on by the front of the mansion and under the North Portico and out the northeast gate. Nice shortcut through pleasant surroundings. Anybody could do it.

He joined the White House correspondence staff in 1931, answering presidential mail and taking shorthand. Herbert Hoover had an appointive staff of four people, plenty large enough to run the place in those days. Occasionally Hopkins would get a hurry-up call to come to the White House late at night to

transcribe Hoover's writing, which he would do on the spot. During the day in his office Hoover would stand with a cigar in his mouth and his back to Hopkins and dictate. Hopkins had a tough time extracting phrases muffled by Hoover's cigar and high collar and directed at the opposite wall, but after a while he got the knack. He also deciphered Hoover's handwriting, no easy task. The President wrote many of his speeches and messages to Congress in pen on legal sheets. The problem, as Hopkins recalls it, was that Hoover's words began legibly enough but tended to end with a straight line as his mind outraced his fingers.



ILLUSTRATION BY HUGH SIDNEY

In the early days of Franklin Roosevelt's Administration, Hopkins was summoned to the White House to take what was termed "important" dictation. Louis Howe, the gnomelike aide who was chief secretary, did the dictating that night while Roosevelt listened. It was a statement announcing the closing of all U.S. banks. Hopkins got it down in shorthand and said he would rush to get it typed. No time for that, insisted Howe. So Hopkins sat back down and penned a declaration that signaled a firmer Government hand in dealing with the effects of the Great Depression.

F.D.R. was a jovial fellow, Hopkins remembers, and often he would offer Hopkins a beer or a cigarette or both, which were the last things Hopkins needed while taking dictation. F.D.R. usually had his own cigarette going, with its long holder tilted up at the jaunty angle that photographers loved to snap. Howe frequently lurked near by with his head in his hands, a gloomy, silent witness to the enterprise.

One day during World War II Hopkins was working diligently in his office in the West Wing when the door suddenly flew open and there in his blue siren suit stood Winston Churchill, looking smaller than life. He wordlessly gave his benediction to the White House aides by raising his arm and forming the victory sign with his chubby fingers. The door closed as suddenly as it opened. For Hopkins, now 73, it was a singular frame in his own remarkable march of time.

By 1948 Hopkins had progressed to executive clerk, the man who managed the internal White House machinery. Lyndon Johnson made him a full executive assistant, and by 1971, when Hopkins retired, "Check it with Bill" was White House code to all new employees, meaning "Go to Hopkins before you goof."

Friends from many years and many Administrations now gather and listen to Hopkins reminisce about the great days and great times around the White House. There's not a sour note in his narrative. Bill Hopkins never met a President he didn't like.

What's Fair?

A new study livens the issue

Democrats generally call it "the fairness issue." Jesse Jackson describes it as a "reverse Robin Hood process, taking from the poor and giving to the rich." The President dismisses all such talk as "political demagoguery." Last week the non-partisan and widely respected Congressional Budget Office published a report that seemed to concede the argument to the Democrats. Its conclusion: Reaganomics, with its deep personal income tax cuts and reductions in spending on social programs, has been a boon to the nation's wealthy families and has hurt those that were already poor.

The CBO found, for example, that nearly 80% of last year's tax reductions went to families ("households," in Census Bureau terms) earning between \$20,000 and \$80,000 annually. Yet this income level is achieved by only half of the families in the U.S. By contrast, roughly the same number of families have incomes under \$20,000, and they got a mere 7% of the tax breaks. That is less than half the share of tax cuts enjoyed last year by the 2% of all families with incomes of \$80,000 or more. Main reason: the top tax rate on the highest incomes was slashed from 70% to 50% all at once in 1982. Tax cuts for people in lower brackets went into effect more gradually.

In analyzing the impact of the Administration's budget cuts, the CBO concentrated on health-care programs, retirement and disability pay, unemployment compensation, welfare, aid to education and social services. The combined impact of budget and tax cuts on families earning less than \$10,000 a year, the study found, was that the loss of benefits from these programs more than wiped out their slight gains from the tax cuts. Counting only cash benefits, their losses exceeded their gains by an average of \$160 per household in 1983. Families with incomes above \$40,000 (14.6% of U.S. households) had the largest net gains: an average of \$2,240 each last year.

Private studies by various think tanks have come to similar conclusions about gains made by the wealthy and losses sustained by the poor under Ronald Reagan's economic policies. The reasons are fairly simple: higher-income families rely much less on the benefits from social programs than do those in lower-income groups and thus are less affected by cuts in those programs' budgets; at the same time, Reagan's main tax reduction produces significantly larger dollar savings for those with higher incomes. While the federal income tax is progressive, imposing proportionately bigger burdens on those who earn more, the tax cut is not similarly graduated but rather a straight 25% slash in the rate for all income levels.

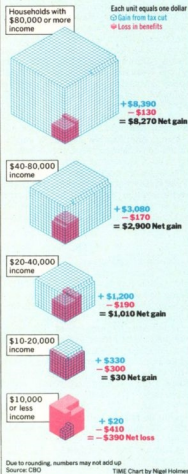
The CBO report, however, is not likely

to settle the fairness debate. At his press conference, Reagan argued that the report does not weigh the favorable impact of lower inflation on the poor, who have little discretionary income and thus feel more acutely the pinch of rising prices. The CBO confined its analysis to the direct effects of tax and budget cuts. Similarly, the CBO did not try to measure the impact of increases in Social Security taxes paid by wage earners, since the hikes were enacted, although not fully put into effect, before Reagan took office. Those increases reduced the take-home pay of most workers, partly offsetting the effect of the tax cuts.

Reagan admitted that the Democratic charge that his Administration favored the wealthy was "a political problem," but he contended angrily: "There's absolutely no truth in it." House Speaker Tip O'Neill responded just as unequivocally, with partisan political hyperbole: "On the fairness issue, everyone believes the Congressional Budget Office. No one believes Reagan." The November election may hinge on whether the Democrats can make such assertions stick. ■

MORE AND LESS

Projections for 1984



Blame Sharing

Reagan accuses Congress

¶ If there is to be blame, it properly rests here in this office and with this President." So said Ronald Reagan last December, in accepting responsibility for the terrorist car-bomb attack on U.S. Marine headquarters in Lebanon that claimed 241 American lives and, ultimately, forced a U.S. withdrawal from Lebanon. Yet last week, on two occasions, the President chose to amend that judgment radically and somewhat petulantly, blaming Congress for the most serious U.S. foreign policy failure of his Administration. Reagan also faulted the Legislative Branch on its performance in other foreign policy issues, including Central America, evidently succumbing to a time-honored tradition of incumbent Presidents during years divisible by four: if something goes wrong, run against Congress.

At his press conference, Reagan declared that legislators "must take a responsibility" for the Lebanon debacle because the "raging" debate on Capitol Hill about the Marines' presence in Beirut "rendered them ineffective." Two days later, in a foreign policy address delivered in Washington, the President broadened that charge. "Once we established bipartisan agreement on our course in Lebanon, the subsequent second-guessing about whether to keep our men there severely undermined our policy," he said. "It hindered the ability of our diplomats to negotiate, encouraged more intransigence from the Syrians and prolonged the violence." As for Central America, said Reagan, congressional "wavering" on his requests for military and economic aid to the region "can only encourage the enemies of democracy, who are determined to wear us down."

In its insistence in the post-Viet Nam era on gaining a stronger voice in foreign policy, Reagan argued, Congress has been long on demands and short on follow-through. Said he: "Congress has not yet developed capacities for coherent, responsible action needed to carry out the new foreign policy powers it has taken for itself." But his examples of this failure were curious, to say the least. Congress has significantly raised the level of aid to El Salvador over the past three years; last week the Senate passed a measure providing \$62 million in emergency military funds for El Salvador with barely a change in the final White House request. The sole legislative action in the Lebanon episode was to pass a compromise war-powers resolution giving Reagan wide latitude for 18 months.

House Speaker Tip O'Neill, for one, rejected Reagan's blame-sharing gambit on Lebanon out of hand. "The deaths lie on him and the defeat in Lebanon lies on him and him alone," O'Neill said in an unusually bitter riposte. "He acted against the wishes of our top military, and now he is looking for a scapegoat." ■



Stein at an antique lectern in his cluttered Washington law office

Juggler's Act

A prosecutor to probe Meese

He's a three-pin juggler, a jogger and, in the view of one federal judge, something of a legal genius. Both on tennis courts and in courts of law, his dress is often unusual: 1930s-style white flannels and sweater at play; bow ties and double-breasted suits at work. He relaxes by reading 19th century literary criticism and listening to pop singers from the 1920s. Long considered one of Washington's best trial lawyers, Jacob Stein, 59, last week agreed to serve in one of the capital's current hot spots as the special prosecutor selected by a three-judge panel to investigate all charges raised against Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, Ronald Reagan's nominee for Attorney General.

Stein has long rated high with his colleagues, who elected him president of the District of Columbia Bar in 1982 (among his qualifications for the honor, Stein whimsically listed his having won a grade-school marble championship). A lifelong Washingtonian, he is one of the capital's wealthiest private attorneys (although he normally takes a bus to the office). Stein, who is so apolitical that he has never registered to vote, successfully defended Attorney Kenneth Parkinson in the Watergate conspiracy trial. But he failed to persuade a different jury that Dwight Chapin, Richard Nixon's appointments secretary, had not lied to a grand jury probing the affair. In criminal cases he has always been with the defense, never a prosecutor. Federal Judge Charles Richey calls Stein "a man of the absolute highest integrity and professionalism," while District Court Judge Barrington Parker praises his ability to "cut through peripheral issues and get to the heart of a legal case."

Stein may spend six months or more probing the allegations against Meese, which center mainly on his having accepted financial favors from friends who later

got federal jobs. Another issue arose last week. Since taking office Meese has made 47 trips at the expense of nongovernmental groups, but declared only eight similar trips on his financial disclosure form. The Justice Department has asked Congress for \$300,000 for the probe, including a per diem payment for Stein based on an annual \$69,600 salary. While Meese's case awaits resolution, Attorney General William French Smith will stay on the job. He had wanted to leave but changed his mind after a 15-minute Oval Office plea, thus sparing Reagan something of a political embarrassment by helping him avoid a prolonged election-year vacancy at the top of the Justice Department.

At his press conference last week, Reagan again defended Meese and lashed out at Democratic charges that his Administration has a "sleaze" problem. "I believe the halls of Government are as sacred as our temples of worship," Reagan declared. "I will be the first to remove anyone in the Administration that does not have the highest integrity. However, I'm not going to take any action that is based on accusation without proof."

Idaho Republican Congressman George Hansen was found guilty by a Washington jury last week of "willfully" failing to include four financial transactions on disclosure forms required of federal officials and legislators. Most of them involved loans to himself or his wife, including \$61,503 from Texas Oilman and Silver Speculator Nelson Bunker Hunt. While awaiting sentencing and his appeal of the verdict, he will be investigated by the House Ethics Committee, which could recommend that he be censured or expelled from the House. Meese has admitted that he failed to include a loan to his wife and a related stock purchase in his disclosure forms, but contends that the omission was an "oversight." Meese has filed amended reports, unlike Hansen, who has refused to do so.

The Nixon Tapes

"Resigning . . . said it all"

When CBS announced that it had bought rights to air 90 minutes of videotaped interviews between former President Richard Nixon and onetime Nixon Aide Frank Gannon, Executive Producer Don Hewitt of *60 Minutes* said that the conversations revealed "a Nixon we have never seen before." If not quite that, the broadcast segments, for which CBS paid \$500,000, show a controversial man at his most controversial. They were set to air this week and next on *60 Minutes* and *American Parade*. A sampler:

On the Watergate cover-up: "I had the feeling—and I think in retrospect I'd probably do it again—that I should stand by my friends . . . I should have destroyed them [the tape recordings of meetings in his office] . . . If I had thought that they revealed criminal activities, I would have been out of my mind not to destroy them . . . There's no way you could apologize that . . . would exceed resigning the presidency . . . That said it all."

On his relations with the press: "I don't mind a microscope, but boy, when they use a proctoscope, that's going too far . . . One of the reasons that I think most of our 'media friends' rather miss me is that they just can't resist psychoanalyzing, because they think I'm a very complex, and therefore interesting, person—and in this case, I'm not going to disillusion them."

About Mrs. Nixon: "She was called 'Plastic Pat' because she was my wife. If she had been the wife of a liberal, my God, they would have canonized her . . . When I hear people slobbering around publicly, 'I love her' and all that sort of stuff, that raises a question in my mind as to how much of it is real . . . We just don't go for those public declarations of love."

About having wiretapped reporters: "I was paranoid, or almost a basket case, with regard to secrecy . . . If you think I was tough on these leaks, [Henry Kissinger] was even tougher at times . . . One of the reasons that the release of the Pentagon papers caused great concern in the CIA was that one of the items in the papers could only have come from the fact that we had [Leonid] Brezhnev's car bugged."

About the late Soviet leader: "Brezhnev was pretty much of a lady's man . . . When we went down the line and there were a lot of—several—pretty girls . . . there with flowers and so forth welcoming us—this is in Russia—and he turned to me with a little wink, and he said, 'Would you want to take one of these with you?'"

On the moments just after his resignation speech: "Suddenly they all got up and they came around, just surrounded me—it was sort of a huddle, sort of a family embrace, saying nothing and saying everything. And then Tricia said, 'Daddy! You're wet. Your coat's wet through.' And I began to have a chill."

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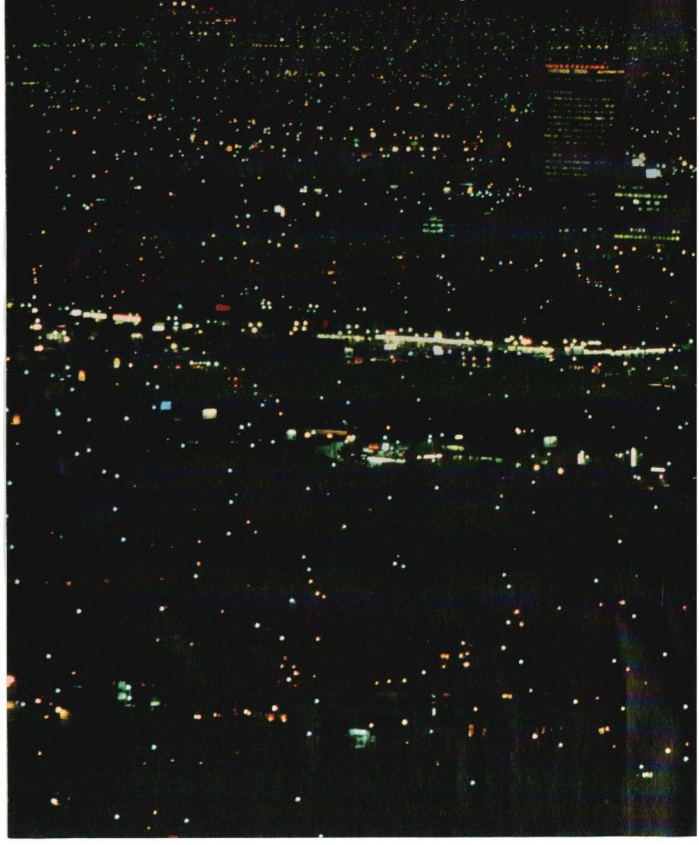
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Cheap Turncoat

A double agent sells out

In the cynical world of spy novels, there is no nastier business than that of the double agent. No one can be certain whose side he is really on; each seems to have a price at which his services can be bought and his country betrayed. But never for the piddling sum of \$11,000.

In the actual world of espionage, however, the sellout price can apparently be that low. According to allegations made by an FBI agent after a 15-month investigation, Richard Craig Smith, 40, a former U.S. Army counterintelligence specialist, sold information last year to a Soviet KGB agent for precisely that sum. His betrayal gave away the identity of a U.S. double agent whom Smith had supervised for nearly two years. Smith was arrested last week at Washington's Dulles Airport after voluntarily flying from his home in Bellevue, Wash., to face charges of espionage.

Smith joined the Army in 1967 and climbed to staff sergeant, then in 1977 shifted to civilian status as a member of the Army Intelligence and Security Command, which tries to protect the Army against penetration by foreign spies. From October 1976 to July 1978, he was assigned as the case officer to handle a U.S. double agent code-named Royal Miter. The double agent posed as an informant for the KGB but was actually feeding Smith information on Soviet attempts to plant agents in jobs where they could ac-



Suspect Smith

quire sensitive details about the U.S. Army. Smith met periodically with Royal Miter, although the FBI will not disclose where the double agent operated or even his nationality.

Smith, who had top-security clearance, quit his Army job in 1980. Married and the father of four children, considered by neighbors to be a good family man, he dabbled in various real estate investments but declared bankruptcy in the summer of

1982. An affidavit filed in court by FBI Agent Michael J. Waguespack contends that Smith has admitted taking many trips in 1981 and 1982 to Japan, which was then a hotbed of KGB activity, according to the testimony of a Soviet defector. On three occasions in the course of those trips, Smith met Victor Okunev, a Soviet consular-affairs official in Tokyo. Short, fluent in Japanese, and an active member of the Japan-Soviet Union Friendship Association, Okunev is assumed by U.S. officials to be a KGB agent. According to Waguespack, Smith admitted giving classified information about Royal Miter to Okunev and accepting the \$11,000 from him in Tokyo on Nov. 7, 1982. The maximum penalty for transmitting national defense information is life imprisonment.

Washington spokesmen expect that Okunev will be recalled from his Tokyo assignment by his KGB superiors, who not only now know the identity of Royal Miter but probably of other U.S. spies as well. U.S. officials refused to reveal the fate of Royal Miter, but, said one: "We're concerned about the safety of a lot of double agents. Smith hurt us." ■

Flunking Out

Senate candidates muff a quiz

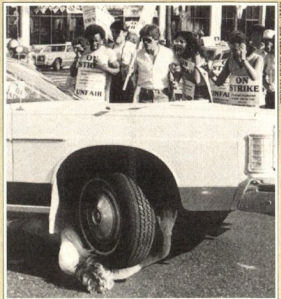
In aggressively erudite Boston, a television reporter last week asked all the candidates for a U.S. Senate seat a series of factual questions, most of them on defense and foreign affairs. None of the ten knew all the answers. One candidate for the Democratic nomination got every question wrong. The quiz might have been suitable for a Secretary of State, contended Holyoke Community College President David Bartley, but not for a Senate candidate.

The inquisitions were broadcast on WBZ-TV. "The intent was not to humiliate," insisted News Director Stan Hopkins, but the effect was precisely that. Bartley and Democratic Congressman Edward Markey could not identify the Prime Minister of Israel (Yitzhak Shamir). Markey came close: he guessed Moshe Arens, who is the Defense Minister. Bartley alone failed to get the name of Syria's President (Hafez Assad). Republican Elliot Richardson, a former Secretary of Defense, estimated the military's share of the budget (28%) at just 7.5%. All seven Democrats were stumped by the toughest questions they were asked: the amount of the current defense budget (\$258 billion), the number of U.S. troops overseas (WBZ's answer: 400,000), and the countries in which the U.S. is currently deploying nuclear missiles (Great Britain, West Germany and Italy). Both Bartley and William Hebert, a former teachers' union official, were tripped up by the confusing but basic policy question about which side the U.S. supports in El Salvador (the government) and in Nicaragua (the insurgents). ■

Violence in Vegas

It was the third day of the walkout, and striking hotel-casino workers had formed a picket line outside Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. James Turner, 23, on strike from his job as a waiter at the hotel tried to body block a car from pulling into the driveway. The driver, a newly hired temporary security guard, moved forward, crushing Turner under the car's front wheel as other pickets looked on in horror. Turner was hospitalized with a broken pelvis and collarbone and is listed in stable condition; authorities said that no citation was issued against the driver "pending further investigation."

The incident was the most violent in an uncommonly volatile strike in America's gambling capital. Led by four unions, some 17,000 culinary workers, bartenders, stagehands and musicians walked out of 20 of Las Vegas' major resorts in a dispute over wages, health and welfare benefits and a guaranteed 40-hour work week. More than 150 strikers have been arrested and several injured in clashes with the city police and private security guards at the resorts. Blackjack dealers and other pit workers have not struck, and the hotels and casinos are operating with skeleton staffs; showgirls are serving drinks and one public-relations man is making beds. But enough tourists are staying away to cost the hotels an estimated \$3.2 million a day.



Nation

Trail of Death

Man hunt for a rapist

Christopher Bernard Wilder seemed the very model of a modern swinging bachelor. An Australian native, he came to America in 1970 at the age of 24, eventually settled in Boynton Beach, Fla., and soon amassed a small fortune in the construction business. Handsome and well-tailored, he acquired six parcels of Palm Beach County real estate worth nearly \$400,000, took ski vacations in chic Vail, Colo., dabbled in photography and raced cars, finishing a respectable 17th in the Miami Grand Prix (prize: \$400). A Jacuzzi bubbled outside his bedroom, a speedboat was moored to his private dock. And, of course, Chris Wilder had a penchant for attractive young women. In an interview for a dating service videotaped in 1981, he said, "I want to date and enjoy the company of women, women with depth. I'm looking for a long-term relationship but not marriage."

Among the beauties Wilder befriended in Miami were Elizabeth Kenyon, a 23-year-old former beauty queen, and Rosario Gonzalez, a 20-year-old model. Gonzalez, in fact, was watching while he raced in the Grand Prix. When the two women disappeared last February and March, police began seeking Wilder for questioning. But he was nowhere to be found. In the middle of last month, authorities began to piece together information about half a dozen rapes, tortures and murders of attractive young women in Florida, Texas, Colorado and Nevada. Last week the FBI fingered Wilder as a suspect in these cases and put him on its Ten Most Wanted list. Says FBI Spokesman Chris Mazzella: "We consider this to be the top fugitive investigation at this time. Unlimited resources are being poured into it. This is a truly massive man hunt, stretching from coast to coast."

On Friday Wilder was formally charged with the stabbing murder of Suzanne Logan, 20. Abducted from an Oklahoma City shopping center, Logan, an attractive brunette married just nine months, was found dead near a lake in Junction City, Kans. Wilder has also been charged in a brutal kidnapping. According to the FBI, on March 20, in Tallahassee, Fla., Wilder stopped a Florida State University woman (whose name is being withheld by police). He offered her \$25 an hour to pose for photographs. When she turned him down, he punched her in the stomach, bound her with a clothline and locked her in the trunk of his car. Wilder allegedly drove her to a motel in Bainbridge, Ga., where he raped her and tortured her with electric shocks, at one point attempting to seal shut her eyes with glue. She escaped into a bathroom, locking herself in and screaming so loudly that she attracted rescuers and caused Wilder to flee.

The other crimes for which Wilder is

a suspect follow a similar chilling pattern. According to a statement by the FBI, "In each known incident, an individual meeting Wilder's physical description approaches an attractive young female, identifies himself as a professional photographer and offers the woman a photo session for usage in nationwide magazines. If any resistance or refusal is given, he forcibly abducts the victim."

On March 18, Teresa Ferguson was kidnapped from a shopping mall in Merritt Island, Fla. Two days later her strangled body was found in a swamp. Terry Dianne Walden, 23, a Lamar University student, was reported missing in Beaumont, Texas, on March 23. Police discovered her body in a drainage canal three days later; she had been bound and stabbed to death. Sheryl Bonaventura, 18, was reported



Poster of suspect; two of the missing women, Michele Korfman and Elizabeth Kenyon

missing from a Grand Junction, Colo., shopping mall on March 29. Three days later, in Las Vegas, Michele Korfman, 17, disappeared from a shopping mall where she had been appearing in a beauty contest. Three other women have told police they were approached at that mall by a man who police suspect was Wilder, but successfully rebuffed his advances.

Wilder was convicted in 1980 of attempted sexual battery in a Palm Beach County case, but placed on probation. Police have discovered that he is a fugitive from sexual-assault charges in Sydney, Australia. He concealed these earlier crimes from his fast-lane friends in Florida; most were shocked by his recent notoriety. Dennis DeFranceschi, a close friend and racing partner of Wilder's, failed to see any logic in his sex crimes. Said he: "If you want to act out a pornographic scene, you just go out and hire a bunch of hookers." Contemplating Wilder's alleged spree, DeFranceschi added, "He had no reason to subject himself to this."

—By Jacob V. Lamar Jr.

Reported by Kim Eisler/Tallahassee

River of Blood

A murder spree shakes Seattle

Washington State's Green River, which runs through the city of Kent, about 15 miles south of Seattle, is actually a murky grayish color. The forest near it has long served as a dumping ground for old auto parts, battered furniture, cans and bottles. On March 31 a hiker hunting for mushrooms stumbled upon a human skull. During the next two days police investigators found the rest of that skeleton, along with the remains of three other women. The grisly discoveries brought to 20 the number of women from the Seattle area presumed to be victims of a mysterious demon dubbed the Green River Killer.

Sixteen-year-old Sandra Gabbert was typical of the Green River Killer's victims. Like eleven others, Sandra was a prostitute. She worked an area of the Pacific Highway South called Sea-Tac Strip where prostitutes did a brisk business. Three months after she began her career, Sandra disappeared. Her skeleton was one of those discovered last week. Nine of the killer's 20 suspected victims since the summer of 1982 have been found in or near the Green River.

Washington's King County police department has formed a 40-member Green River task force. Police officials have said that most of the women were asphyxiated, but refused to say whether the killer sexually molested his victims or left some gruesome signature of the crimes.

The secrecy surrounding the investigation has outraged several women's organizations. Cookie Hunt, a spokeswoman for the Women's Coalition to Stop the Green River Murders, says that her group is conducting its own investigation. An organization called the U.S. Prostitutes Collective accuses the police of being complacent because of the nature of the victims. Says Margaret Prescod: "We think the whole idea that it is O.K. to hunt down hookers is perpetuated by the police."

Counters Police Captain Frank Adamson, who heads the task force: "The problem is not specifically that prostitutes don't cooperate with us. It is that the lifestyle of the prostitutes is not structured. People close to them may be used to their being missing for periods of time."

The case of the Green River Killer is part of a grim parade of so-called serial murderers. According to a Justice Department study released earlier this year, in more than 30 cases during the past decade, a lone murderer has killed at least half a dozen people, usually strangers, over a period of time. Robert Keppel, chief criminal investigator for the state attorney general's office, sees common threads among serial killers: most are literate, charismatic and uncommonly familiar with police routines. The problem is finding the clues that even the most intelligent of murderers leave behind. ■

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The Soviet carrier *Novorossysk*, with a supply ship, heads toward Vladivostok, home port of the Pacific fleet

K. K. WITTO—SINAE

EAST-WEST

Moscow's Muscle Flexing

Soviet ships prowl the North Atlantic in the biggest maneuvers ever

Day after day, the warships streamed out of Soviet naval bases on the Baltic and Arctic coasts. Among them were brand-new guided-missile destroyers, missile submarines and, most impressive of all, the 28,000-ton nuclear-powered battle cruiser *Kirov*. By midweek the hastily assembled battle fleet spanned a vast expanse of ocean, from the waters off Greenland, across to the Shetland Islands, northeast to the fringes of Scandinavia and as far as the glacial Barents Sea. In the air, Soviet antisubmarine and strike aircraft flew almost continuous missions over the Norwegian Sea. Backfire bombers, reputed to be the Soviets' most capable air-to-surface missile carriers, were detected in larger numbers, and farther from their land bases, than ever before.

The size and significance of the latest Soviet maneuvers were at first widely disputed, even within the Reagan Administration. Early in the week, some Pentagon sources were saying that only about 20 Soviet warships were involved in the North Atlantic. At his news conference Wednesday night, the President put the figure at 40. But in a subsequent interview with TIME, Navy Secretary John Lehman Jr. said that "the fleet exercise topped off at over 140 ships." Subtracting trawlers and landing craft, the

Navy later maintained, there were at least 140 surface ships and 70 submarines involved in the exercises. Although Lehman could have been exaggerating the numbers to buttress his often stated case for expansion of the Navy, he left no doubt that the latest maneuvers were the largest the Soviets have ever conducted.

At the same time, Soviet ships seemed to be more visible in the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, the South China Sea and even the Caribbean (see map). The cruiser *Leningrad* was reported to have

left Cuba in company with other Soviet vessels, their destination unknown. Although early reports that Soviet ships were conducting auxiliary exercises in oceans other than the North Atlantic seemed to be incorrect, just tracking the global movements of Moscow's fleet created headaches for the U.S. Navy. For the second time in twelve days, the game of "chicken at sea" that skippers from both superpowers frequently play led to a potentially serious incident.

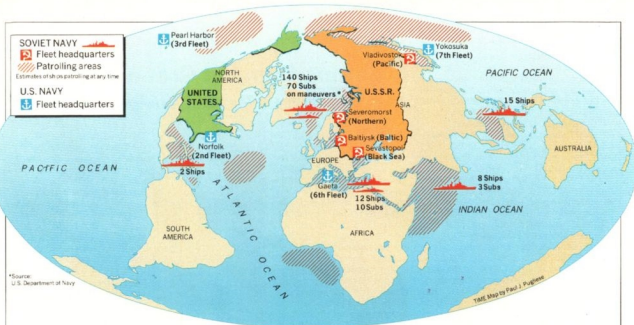
In the meantime, the Western powers expressed their concern about another recurring problem, the inconvenience and occasional danger to Western aircraft as a result of Soviet air activity in the three 20-mile-wide air corridors that link West Berlin to West Germany. As a result of recent Soviet military activity over East Germany, Western civilian airliners have had to make frequent changes in altitude on flights to and from West Berlin.

There were disturbing reports that the U.S. and its NATO allies had been caught off-guard by the Soviet maneuvers. The Supreme Commander of NATO Atlantic forces, Admiral Wesley McDonald, said he had been "very impressed" by the size of the Soviet fleet, and called for an upgrading of Western defenses in the region. During a trip to Turkey for a NATO meeting, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger



Cat and mouse: a Soviet cruiser tails U.S. carrier *Eisenhower*

NATIONAL DEFENSE



denied that the alliance had been unprepared for the Soviet maneuvers, although Defense Department Spokesman Michael Burch later conceded that "perhaps the size of the exercise was somewhat unexpected."

By week's end, however, most Western governments were attempting to down-play the event. "I think it's spring in Russia as well as in the U.S.," Reagan said, "and that's when you have war games and maneuvers." According to the President, the Soviet exercises were "regular and routine" and did not constitute any sort of political signal to the West. But he added a bit ruefully that NATO always advises Moscow in advance of its own war games, and he wished the Soviets would return the courtesy. "We always tell them when we're going to have them," said Reagan. "We wish they'd tell us. But I think this is nothing more than that."

Most European governments agreed with Reagan that the Soviet maneuvers were within the scope of traditional war games. "It's not really as if these exercises came out of the blue," said a Norwegian defense expert. "The Soviets have them every year." But British intelligence detected political undertones. "These maneuvers were an act of defiance toward the Reagan Administration and its allies in Europe," said a senior offi-

"The U.S. last week began its own worldwide exercises, code-named Global Shield 84, designed to train bomber and missile crews for nuclear war. The maneuvers will include test firing of two Minuteman missiles from Vandenberg A.F.B., Calif., and the test launching of cruise missiles from B-52 bombers. The Pentagon said that it had notified Moscow of its plans, although the exercises "bear no relationship to any aspect of current international situations."

cial. The Soviet Union, in his view, is worried about the extensive U.S. military buildup and feels humiliated by the deployment of new nuclear weapons in Western Europe and, in response, has decided to make a show of its military might. Says Michael McGwire, a military analyst at the Brookings Institution: "The Soviets have concluded that the Americans understand only counter-veiling force. This exercise in the Norwegian Sea is saying, 'We're here and we have rights.'"

The Soviet maneuvers, like similar ones conducted by the NATO allies a month ago, presupposed that in a NATO-Warsaw Pact conflict, a crucial fighting area would be the Norwegian Sea, between Norway and Iceland. The northern reaches of the Norwegian Sea and the Barents Sea constitute the Soviet Union's "ocean bastion," where its submarines move freely with their cargo of nuclear-

tipped intercontinental ballistic missiles. To prevent NATO's killer subs and surface submarine hunters from entering the area during a war, the Soviets figure that they must totally control those waters north of the line stretching from Greenland to Iceland to the Shetlands and Norway. Last week's exercises seemed to be directed toward that end.

Paradoxically, the Pentagon appears to welcome Soviet naval maneuvers because they give the U.S. an opportunity to examine Soviet ships at close hand and to compare the performances of the two navies. That may have been particularly true last week, when the Soviets showed off a new generation of warships, the fruit of a huge naval construction program. NATO tracked the proceedings intensively, using surveillance aircraft, surface ships and submarines.

Excessive curiosity, however, can cause unexpected problems. Only last

June, Secretary Lehman declared that the navies of the two superpowers had successfully reduced the number of dangerous encounters between their ships. But last month a Soviet submarine collided with the U.S. aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk* in the Sea of Japan. During a training exercise, U.S. ships had been stalking the Soviet submarine and, by their calculations, had "killed" it several times. According to U.S. naval officials, the Soviet skipper erred by surfacing too quickly and without first checking the blind spot created by his submarine's wake. Somehow, the craft got right in front of the *Kitty Hawk* and surfaced just as the 60,000-ton carrier was bearing down. The subma-



The Soviet destroyer *Udaloy* heads toward Cuba

World

Breaking Camp at Greenham

Britain ends a protest as The Netherlands hesitates over missiles

rine suffered moderate damage, including the loss of a propeller. The U.S. Navy is convinced that until that point, the Soviet sub captain had been a willing participant in the exercise. Says a U.S. officer: "We practice on each other. That way at least we're saving the taxpayer's money."

Such cat-and-mouse games caused another mishap last week. The U.S. frigate *Harold E. Holt* had been shadowing one of the largest ships in the Soviet navy, the 43,000-ton aircraft carrier *Minsk*, during what the U.S. described as "routine surveillance operations" in the South China Sea. Yet even the Pentagon version of the story suggested that the *Holt* had been unnecessarily provocative. With the *Minsk* dead in the water, her engines stopped, the *Holt* hoisted flags signaling that it was passing the *Minsk* on the starboard side. The *Minsk* hoisted flags warning the *Holt* to stay away. The U.S. ship proceeded anyway. As the frigate drew near, the Soviets used a bullhorn to warn the Americans to keep their distance. The *Holt* then turned around and again hoisted flags saying it would pass. The *Minsk* merely acknowledged the message, waited until the *Holt* was passing by at 300 yds., then fired four warning signal flares over the American vessel and four directly at it. Three of the flares hit the frigate's port side. The fourth whizzed by the bridge, missing the captain by a bare 3 ft.

In discussing the incident last week, Lehman insisted that relations between the Soviet and American fleets at sea are still "very professional and workmanlike." He continued, "I don't see anything sinister in the incident with the *Minsk*. Let's say there are two plausible sides to that story. The *Minsk* skipper may not have been all on the wrong side." Lehman has championed the Soviet-U.S. agreement of May 1972, in which both sides pledged to avoid such incidents at sea, and would like to see the present situation improved.

Both navies have been experiencing growing pains for some time. After 15 years of rapid expansion, the Soviet navy is larger than the U.S. fleet in numbers of warships (1,703 vs. 507). The Reagan Administration, however, has been trying to close the gap, with 118 ships currently under construction. Although the U.S. fleet will still not be as large as that of the Soviets, Lehman points out that "we don't need to match them ship for ship as long as we have the contributions of all the NATO navies." Together, the NATO powers at present have some 1,400 warships at their disposal for the defense of Western Europe. While emphasizing the essentially defensive nature of last week's exercises, a top British naval expert observes: "These maneuvers underline the arrival of the Soviet fleet as a blue-water navy of the first rank. Of that, we in the West should take full notice."

—By William E. Smith

Reported by Ross H. Munro and Bruce Van Voorst/Washington

At the first light of a chilly dawn, 350 British police and bailiffs converged on the main gate of the Royal Air Force base at Greenham Common. For nearly three years, a ragtag band of women demonstrators had captured headlines round the world by camping just outside the gate to protest the deployment inside of 96 nuclear-tipped, U.S.-made cruise missiles. Now, however, the women were being forced to break camp: 50-odd sleepy inhabitants were given five minutes to vacate their garbage-strewn campsite. As they reluctantly departed—some jeering, some in tears—

police demolished the main camp as well as smaller ones around the base.

The destruction of the Greenham camps, carried out by local authorities with the blessing of the government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, came at a time of rising tensions in Britain and The Netherlands over plans by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to continue deploying medium-range Pershing II and cruise missiles in Western Europe. The only other encouraging sign of Western resolve last week came in Italy, where Defense Minister Giovanni Spadolini announced that the first 16 cruise missiles at Comiso in Sicily were operational.

In The Netherlands, the government of Christian Democratic Premier Ruud Lubbers faced rising opposition to the scheduled stationing of 48 cruises on Dutch soil by the end of 1986. For the first time, politicians were predicting that when the deployment plan comes up for parliamentary approval in June, Lubbers will almost certainly fall short of the required majority. Influential peace groups, including the Inter-Church Peace Council, have united to mobilize public opinion



against deployment. According to opinion polls, 63% of the Dutch people are opposed to deployment. Taking note of the strong opposition, a senior U.S. official recently warned that a Dutch decision against deployment could be "a severe, possibly fatal blow" to the resumption of U.S.-Soviet arms talks.

In Britain, the Greenham raid put an end, for the moment, to Western Europe's longest-running antimissile demonstration. Since the summer of 1981, when 50 pacifist women marched to Greenham Common from Wales, the encampment has attracted female protesters from all over Western Europe and the U.S. More than 1,200 protesters have been arrested (average fine: \$30) and scores jailed, mostly for obstructing military vehicles and damaging government property.

Though some local residents were sympathetic with the group's aims, many found the camp an eyesore. A newly formed citizens' organization called on the government to throw out the protesters. The Department of Transport obtained a court order to evict the women to make way for a road-widening project. An initial attempt to remove the demonstrators early last week was foiled as police came head to head with more than 200 angry women in full view of television and newspaper journalists.

The Greenham women insisted that they would return, and that the public supports their antinuclear cause. Indeed, polls indicate that half of all Britons still oppose U.S. cruise missiles on British soil. At week's end groups of women had returned to the perimeter of the airbase with their sleeping bags and provisions.

—By Russ Hoyle

Reported by Wibo Vandeinde/Amsterdam and Arthur White/London



A protester is dragged off, top; as police watch, fire set by women engulfs their shelters



Angry workers gather in Metz to protest cuts in government jobs

FRANCE

An Ugly Backlash in Lorraine

Amid riots and threats, Mitterrand presses a policy of rigueur

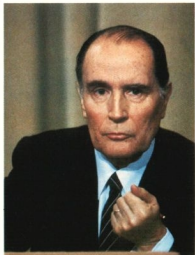
The blockade was in place even before daylight broke over the smokstacks of Lorraine. Gangs of workers erected more than 120 barricades of coiled sheet steel throughout that eastern region, sealing off the major towns and shutting the border crossings to West Germany, Belgium and Luxembourg. Factories were idled; stores, banks and public offices were closed and shuttered. In Nancy 10,000 marchers took to the streets, in Longwy 15,000, in Metz 20,000. In a dramatic climax to nearly a week of unrest, the entire region was delivering an ultimatum to President François Mitterrand: repeal a draconian restructuring plan, announced two weeks ago, that would eliminate 25,000 of the stricken steel industry's 90,000 jobs by 1987.

Mitterrand's response came a few hours later at a rare televised press conference. The plan, he declared, would go forward. The state had spent \$2.1 billion from 1981 to 1983 to cover deficits in the steel industry, and it would probably shell out an additional \$1.3 billion this year alone. "Can we go on devoting subsidies to losing enterprises forever?" asked Mitterrand. The steel plan is part of an overall restructuring program designed to make France's heavy industry competitive by trimming excess capacity and modernizing production. The process could eliminate as many as 60,000 jobs by 1987 in the coal, automobile, shipbuilding and steel industries. "The future of France depends necessarily on the modernization of its industry," said the President. "Either France will be capable of facing up to international competition or it will be pulled down toward decline."

Trying to take some of the sting out of the issue, Mitterrand pledged, "There will not be one layoff." Instead, workers

would be gently eased into early retirement or transferred into two-year vocational retraining programs, with pay. Mitterrand also promised that Industry Minister Laurent Fabius, author of the restructuring scheme, would be given "exceptional powers" to encourage development in affected areas like Lorraine. Mitterrand even listed a number of new industries earmarked for particular towns in the region, and he made a point of promising a new high-speed rail line through Lorraine into West Germany. The workers at the barricades were unimpressed. "There have been so many such plans announced in the past that people just don't believe them any more," said a Socialist worker.

As word of Mitterrand's press con-



Mitterrand at his press conference last week

ference spread through Lorraine last Wednesday, the mood turned ugly. At Longwy, site of violent steel riots in 1979 and the epicenter of last week's upheavals, some 200 young *casseurs* (delinquents) clashed with riot police. Soon the dingy town of 17,000 was a battleground. One young man had his hand blown off by a concussion grenade; another was hit in the face with a tear-gas canister and lost his lower lip. In the nearby town of Réhon, a gang of workers set fire to an elegant château frequented by factory managers; volunteer firemen, themselves off-duty steelworkers, refused to fight the blaze. When the long night was finally over, 15 people had been injured and 25 arrested in eight hours of skirmishes.

Back in Paris, the political battle was just beginning. Mitterrand's recent economic conservatism has placed increasing strains on his always uncomfortable coalition with France's Communists. In an often sarcastic hour-long television interview early last week, Communist Party Chief Georges Marchais called the steel plan a "bad thing" and damned the entire restructuring policy as a "tragic error" that is "doomed to fail." Marchais insisted that his party would remain in government and oppose the policy from the inside. Some high-ranking Socialists believe, however, that the Communists really want out—but will go only if they are expelled.

That impression was heightened a fortnight ago, TIME has learned, by a testy telephone conversation between Marchais and Premier Pierre Mauroy. Marchais threatened to pull out of the government because two 1983 mayoral elections, won by Communists, were being investigated for campaign irregularities. Mauroy pleaded that the government was powerless; the Council of State, which rules on such matters, is independent and nonpartisan. Marchais, however, was in no mood to listen. The Communists have lost eleven by-elections since the municipal balloting last year, and under Marchais their share of the national vote dropped from 22% in 1978 to an estimated 13% now. If the party were to quit the government, however, the Socialists would retain an overwhelming legislative majority, and the Communists would be out in the cold, embroiled in a messy leadership struggle.

Meantime, Mitterrand faces a more serious challenge: a massive steelworkers' march on Paris scheduled for this week. Having abandoned the openhanded policies that got him elected, Mitterrand needs time for his new economic *rigueur* to work, and he must somehow retain the support of his traditional constituents on the shop floor. Back in 1981, he stood in Longwy and pledged that the steel industry would be the "spearhead" of an industrial revival in France. Harsh reality has turned that promise to ashes, but his audience that day will not let him forget it. —By John Nielsen. Reported by Jordan Bonfante/Paris and Thomas A. Sancton/Longwy

World

CENTRAL AMERICA

Last Exit to Costa Rica

As U.S. exercises begin, Honduras dumps a general

New tremors rattled the volcanic landscape of Central America last week, but they owed nothing to the region's earthquake-prone geology. The stresses came as the Reagan Administration further extended its armed diplomacy in the isthmus. On Capitol Hill, the Administration's attention remained firmly fixed on securing \$61.75 million in emergency military aid for El Salvador. Last week the Senate approved the aid by a 76-to-19 vote. But for the moment a sizable portion of Washington's energies seemed to have shifted from the military and political battleground of El Salvador to neighboring Honduras. Not only had that nation assumed a major role in U.S. strategy, it had also just undergone an extraordinary hierarchical shake-up.

In the capital of Tegucigalpa, windrows shook as A-37 attack aircraft of the Honduran air force swooped over the coffee-colored National Assembly building to celebrate the leadership change. Inside the legislature, deputies broke into nervous laughter at the noise as they voted 78 to 0 to install Air Force General Walter López Reyes, 43, as the new commander of the armed forces. The next day a tight phalanx of 17 colonels and lieutenant colonels from the 35-member superior council of the armed forces watched approvingly during López's brief swearing-in. The junior officers were the key actors responsible for the sudden ouster of López's ambitious predecessor, Defense Minister Gustavo Álvarez Martínez, 46, who was also the country's biggest booster of the U.S. military presence in Honduras.

After his installation, López made a special point of describing Álvarez's removal as a "highly patriotic act, which raises the standing of the constitutional



Strengthened civilian: President Suazo

government" headed by Civilian President Roberto Suazo Córdova, 57. Much the same line was taken by the U.S. Meanwhile, some 800 U.S. Army engineers were maneuvering heavy earthmoving equipment off the docks of Puerto Cortés and into the rugged countryside. Their task: to prepare two Honduran army airstrips on the borders with El Salvador and Nicaragua for use in upcoming combat assault exercises. The maneuvers, known as Granadero I, are the latest in a series of large-scale U.S.-Honduran exercises that began in February 1983; as many as 5,000 U.S. troops may be involved over the span of three months.

The early arrivals for Granadero I swelled an already considerable U.S. military Establishment in the country, numbering some 1,750 men and women. Many of those already on the ground will be involved in the operation, but at least 300 members of the 224th Military Intelligence Battalion, based at the Honduran airfield of Palmerola, are actively en-



New commander: Air Force General López

gaged in the war effort in neighboring El Salvador. The mission of the 224th is to fly reconnaissance missions over El Salvador, collecting military intelligence on the 10,000 guerrillas of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.) for relay to the Salvadoran army.

In addition, Honduras is playing host to an unknown number of CIA-sponsored paramilitary operatives, who secretly train and supply an estimated 10,000 Nicaraguan *contras* waging a hit-and-run war against their country's Sandinista government. Recently, those operations have taken on a new international dimension through the mining of Nicaragua's harbors by the *contras*: so far, at least four Soviet, Dutch, Panamanian and Liberian ships have been damaged by this sabotage. Last week the U.S. vetoed a U.N. Security Council resolution condemning the attempted sea blockade. The government of France, long critical of Reagan Administration policy in Central America, has quietly consulted with some Latin American countries over the possibility of helping to remove the mines as a "humanitarian" measure. The French condition for such help is that "one or several friendly European powers" also offer to cooperate. Declaring that it did not intend to join France in the minesweeping venture, the British government nonetheless added that it disapproved, in the words of a spokesman, "of any threat to the principle of freedom of navigation."

The coincidence of Álvarez's ouster with the start of the latest U.S. exercises raised immediate speculation about Washington's role, if any, in what amounted to a Honduran housecleaning. For the past two years, Álvarez has been accused of being the *de facto* strongman of Honduras, pulling both military and political strings behind the folksy, conservative Suazo. The charge was one that Álvarez took no great



Newly jobless: former Defense Minister Alvarez in Costa Rica following his ouster. Fiercely anti-Communist and the biggest booster of a U.S. presence.

World

pains to deny. A colonel when he took over as armed forces chief, he arranged his own series of promotions to five-star general. Fiercely anti-Communist, he launched a harsh antiterrorist campaign and enthusiastically backed the Reagan Administration in creating a regional military training center in Honduras. There, some 100 Green Berets are now training as many as 1,000 Salvadoran troops for their war against the F.M.L.N. While negotiating the training-center deal with Washington, Alvarez largely ignored the foreign policy prerogatives of the Honduran national assembly.

Alvarez's blatant cronyism had become a source of rancor in the Honduran armed forces, so had increasing rumors of corruption within his clique. The Defense Minister began avoiding meetings of the armed forces superior council. When he did attend one last month, says a participant, Alvarez was "gross and vulgar." Younger officers suspected that he was tapping their telephones and following their personal movements. Some junior military men may have been bothered by Alvarez's embrace of the U.S. training center in Honduras for Salvadoran troops: many Honduran officers have lingering memories of their country's 1969 war with El Salvador. Some soldiers fear that at a future date border disputes between the two countries might trigger a return engagement, this time against Salvadoran troops trained in Honduras.

When it finally came, Alvarez's downfall was both quick and ignominious. The day before his ouster, the Defense Minister traveled to a meeting of conservative civilian supporters in the Honduran industrial center of San Pedro Sula. After a party that lasted until 2 a.m., Alvarez arrived groggy and unshaven at the local military airport for his return to Tegucigalpa. When Alvarez stepped inside a private airport office, he was informed that he was under arrest. He was then handcuffed and hustled aboard an airplane for the 90-minute flight to Costa Rica. On Friday, Alvarez surfaced in Miami.

In praising President Suazo following the ouster, U.S. officials said that they were surprised but undisturbed by the sudden purge. There is considerable justification for Washington's confidence, since for the past two years Suazo has faithfully echoed Alvarez's boosterism on every aspect of U.S.-Honduran military cooperation. Some Hondurans, however, appear to feel differently. As the Granada exercises rolled ahead, an estimated 4,000 demonstrators marched through the streets of Tegucigalpa denouncing government oppression and demanding an end to the U.S. military presence in Honduras. It was the first significant protest demonstration in the country in more than two years.

—By George Russell.
Reported by William McWhirter/Tegucigalpa
and Barrett Seaman/Washington

COLOMBIA

In a Clearing

Guerrillas sign a truce

The six members of the presidential peace commission did not know where they were headed when their Bell 212 helicopter took off from Bogotá at dawn. The pilot had been given the top-secret coordinates minutes before takeoff, but not even he was sure of the destination. Suddenly the flag of the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (F.A.R.C.), the oldest, largest and bloodiest of the country's numerous antigovernment guerrilla groups, was sighted in the jungle below. This time, however, the flag signified the making of history, not war. In a small clearing in the Alto de la Mesa rain forest, F.A.R.C. guerrillas and the govern-

The agreement calls for a yearlong truce beginning May 28. During that time, the government will consider granting pardons to F.A.R.C. members who are wanted by the authorities for political crimes, bank robberies, kidnappings or violent acts committed "in combat." The document opens the door for land and political reforms, promises business loans to the guerrillas and guarantees educational and other benefits to facilitate their return to "normal public life."

Nevertheless, integrating hardened former guerrillas into Colombian society could prove difficult. Some government authorities have already expressed concern privately over F.A.R.C.'s reputed involvement in Colombia's \$5 billion-a-year cocaine business. For their part, Colombian dope czars are indignant about charges of being connected to the guerrillas. "You can accuse me of being a narcotics deal-



F.A.R.C. Leader Manuel ("Sure Shot") Marulanda, left, with Commission Head John Agudelo

Trying to demonstrate that negotiations are a workable alternative to a military solution.

ment's representatives met to sign a momentous eleven-point cease-fire agreement. Last week Colombian President Belisario Betancur Cuartas triumphantly announced on national television his government's formal acceptance of that pact.

F.A.R.C. consists of 2,050 guerrillas backed by an additional 5,000 people in "civil defense cadres" spread mainly throughout the countryside. Armed with modern weapons, pro-Communist F.A.R.C. has proved a match for the 65,000-man Colombian army, which it has been fighting for the past 28 years. The government hopes the new cease-fire arrangement will encourage other militant factions to enter into similar agreements. Betancur, a co-founder of the Contadora group that has been trying to bring peace to Central America, also believes that the pact with F.A.R.C. demonstrates that negotiations are a workable alternative to a military solution for problems in Central and South America.

er," huffed Billionaire Pablo Escobar, "but to say I'm in league with the guerrillas, well, that really hurts my personal dignity."

Whether other armed movements will follow F.A.R.C.'s example and negotiate similar agreements with the government remains to be seen. These include the 200-man, Castro-backed Army of National Liberation (E.L.N.), and the 275-member Maoist Popular Liberation Army (E.P.L.). Together with F.A.R.C., these groups are blamed for Colombia's leading the world in kidnappings during each of the past two years (183 in 1982 and 215 last year). Another problem is how to control right-wing death squads like the Death to Kidnappers (M.A.S.) group. Last year these squads were held responsible for the killing and disappearance of at least 600 Colombians. In such an atmosphere, even a temporary truce is a major success.

—By Hunter R. Clark.
Reported by Tom Quinn/Bogotá

World

ISRAEL

Returning Fire

Attacks both inside and out

The operation might have been torn from the pages of the *Little Drummer Girl*, John le Carré's Middle Eastern thriller. Three young Palestinian terrorists slip across the Lebanese border into Israel, where a man with a Lebanese passport and a woman with one from the U.S. supply them with weapons. Then, on a sunny morning last week, the three drive a rented red Autobianchi up crowded King George V Street in West Jerusalem. Two of them enter a sporting-goods store and, in Arab-accented English, nervously ask to try on some jeans.

When they emerged from the changing room, one was carrying an armload of

bombs have exploded around Jerusalem three times in the past four months, the latest assault was darkly acclaimed by the Syrian paper *Al Baath* as the dawning of a new era of guerrilla activity.

Such external threats merely compounded the internal traumas confronted by the government of Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. Only last month the opposition Labor Party forced Shamir to schedule early elections for July 23. Soon afterward, it became apparent that Deputy Prime Minister David Levy, a popular Sephardi who was defeated by Shamir for the leadership of their Herut Party last September, still harbored designs on that position. Shamir was, in a sense, saved only by the bell: just three hours before Levy was widely expected to make formal his challenge on national TV, he received a pointed phone call. "I don't think a contest would be good for the movement at

AFRICA

Coup Fever

A military takeover in Guinea

Radio Conakry was still broadcasting funeral dirges and flowery eulogies last week for President Ahmed Sékou Touré, who had been buried only a few days earlier, when an anonymous spokesman broke in with a bulletin. Guinea's armed forces had seized power in a bloodless coup, the announcer declared. The goal, he went on, was to replace Touré's 26 years of "bloody and ruthless" rule with "true democracy." Word of the coup brought many rejoicing Guineans out into the streets.

The new leaders promptly dissolved the country's only political party, suspended the constitution and declared a curfew from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. But they also threw open the doors of Guinea's jails and released some 250 political prisoners. Said an official communiqué: "No one will again be frightened to express his or her opinion in Guinea."

At first Guineans were told only that their country would be run by a 25-member Military Redemption Committee. Two days after the coup, the armed forces announced that Colonel Lansana Conté had been named President and Colonel Diarra Traore would be Prime Minister of a Cabinet composed of eight civilians and 25 officers. Conté, the apparent leader of the coup, had been commander of the Boké region in northwestern Guinea. Louis Lansana Béavogui, the former Prime Minister, who served as acting President for all of seven days after Touré's death, was reported to have taken refuge in the Chinese embassy.

Touré was one of the first black African leaders to ally his country openly with the Soviet Union. But when his brand of "revolutionary socialism" failed to alleviate Guinea's poverty, he turned to the West for assistance. The country's new rulers have indicated that they would, if anything, accelerate that trend. Military broadcasts said that the government would "restore the rundown economy through the encouragement of private enterprise and foreign investment."

Coup fever spread last week to another West African country, Cameroon, as gun battles broke out in the capital city of Yaoundé. The suspected instigators: Muslim members of the palace guard loyal to former President Ahmadou Ahidjo, a northern Muslim whom President Paul Biya, a southern Christian, replaced in 1982. Ahidjo, who had led Cameroon for 22 years before going into exile in France, was convicted in absentia last year of plotting to overthrow Biya. Last week's rebellion was apparently sparked by Biya's efforts to replace Muslim officers with Christians loyal to him. Though no details were available, the government radio announced at week's end that the mutiny had failed. ■



All dressed up with no place to go: a terrorist is collared by border police

The latest assault was darkly acclaimed as the dawning of a new era of guerrilla activity.

grenades and the other, described as too young even to shave, was wielding a machine pistol. "He pressed the gun to my temple," said Sales Clerk Rani Cohen, 18, recalling his turbulent first day on the job, "and we looked each other in the eye." But the Arabs inexplicably spared Cohen, raced into the street and for seven frenzied minutes wildly bombarded the area with grenades and bullets. Their fire was promptly returned by several quick-witted citizens. By the time the smoke cleared, 46 civilians were wounded but none, miraculously, had been killed.

Indeed, the only fatality of the elaborately conceived, but amateurishly executed, maneuver was one of the terrorists. A second was apprehended a few blocks away, and the third arrested outside Jerusalem. All three, reported Israeli authorities, belonged to a pro-Syrian radical faction of the Palestine Liberation Organization known as the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine. Although

this time," he was reportedly told by Ze'ev Binyamin Begin, a 41-year-old geologist who also happens to be the son of Israel's former Prime Minister. Fifteen minutes later, Levy decided against running.

Shamir can, however, still expect a leadership challenge from former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon. And even as his Herut Party was squabbling, the opposition Labor Party showed unity as it rallied behind Leader Shimon Peres. Before 1,000 party delegates, Peres' archrival Yitzhak Rabin declared, "The fifth President of the state of Israel and the fifth Prime Minister—if you've forgotten, that's me—recommends electing the fifth Defense Minister Shimon Peres as the eighth Prime Minister of the state of Israel." Although all those numbers may have sent heads reeling, other figures were sure to set pulses racing: according to the most recent poll, if elections were held now, the Labor-led alignment would defeat the Likud coalition by 55 seats to 37. ■

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World

THE PHILIPPINES

Official Verities

Marcos' confidant testifies

More than 500 spectators were waiting when the doors of Magsaysay Hall in the Social Security Building in Quezon City opened at 8:15 a.m. last Friday. They had come to hear the Philippines' top military officer testify about why his forces were unable to prevent the assassination of Benigno ("Ninoy") Aquino last Aug. 21 at the Manila International Airport. General Fabian Ver, 64, chief of staff of the armed forces and a loyal confidant of President Ferdinand Marcos' was the official ultimately responsible for security at the airport. But if the crowds were waiting for Ver to incriminate himself or his government, they were disappointed. In five hours of questioning before the five-member commission investigating the murder, Ver clung to the official version: that Aquino was gunned down by a lone Communist hitman named Rolando Galman, who was immediately shot dead by security guards.

The public suspense over Ver's appearance was palpable. Among those especially eager to see him on the stand were members of Galman's family, who have reported that the accused assassin's wife was taken from her home in January by soldiers saying they were "under orders from General Ver." She has not been seen since. To avoid facing the Galmans, who came to the hearing with protest placards saying FATHER IS DEAD. IS MOTHER DEAD TOO?, the general arrived at the building an hour early, accompanied by a phalanx of guards.

Ver never once lost his composure. Under persistent questioning from Andres Narvasa, the commission's general counsel, he said that the government in February 1983 first learned from unnamed informants of a purported plot to assassinate Aquino. At that time he launched an intelligence operation dubbed Four Flowers, to "collate" information about the plot. In August, a few days before Aquino's return, Ver said, the chief government informant had unaccountably disappeared, not to resurface until well after Aquino's death. Ver testified that despite his orders to "locate the person behind the plot," by the day Aquino was killed, intelligence services had not been able to do so.

By that time, however, the government was nonetheless convinced that Aquino risked death if he returned to the Philippines. Accordingly, the opposition leader was warned by the government not to return. Two days before Aquino's arrival, Ver said, he ordered his men to launch Operation Homecoming, an elaborate plan to protect Aquino and deliver him to the proper authorities. Under that arrangement, if the politician arrived in Manila without a valid passport and visa, he would be denied entry. If Aquino did



General Ver testifying before Aquino inquiry

have the proper documents (an impossibility since the Philippine government had refused them to him), then he would be placed in protective custody.

At the last minute, however, the plan was changed. Said Ver: "Early in the morning of Aug. 21, we realized that we could no longer discourage him from coming." Thereupon a decision was made to arrest Aquino on the basis of a 1977 death sentence for murder and subversion. To facilitate that move, Ver said, he turned over documents to General Luther Custodio, commander of Aviation Security Command (AVSECOM), that "affirmed" Aquino's death sentence.

Ver then told the commission he was at his office on the grounds of the presidential palace, six miles from the airport, when Custodio informed him that Aquino had been killed by an unknown assailant. Ver said he quickly broke the news to Marcos. "The President was shocked," he reported. "He expressed a feeling of disbelief for this tragic incident." Under questioning, Ver denied he had informed Marcos that the killer was a Communist. Yet Marcos made just that assertion the next day in a television address.

Ver's testimony left some questions unanswered. How could he claim that Aquino faced a death sentence, when the matter was still under appeal? How could military officials not have known which plane Aquino would be on? How could the nation's top military officer be so astonishingly ill informed about the entire affair? The Philippine public, which after five months of testimony before the commission has grown increasingly skeptical of government witnesses, will have another chance to hear this one. Ver is scheduled to return to the stand this week. ■

INDIA

Killing Spree

New terror from the Sikhs

Storm, calm and storm again. Angered by what they consider discrimination against their religion, 100,000 militant Sikhs prepared last week to burn copies of Article 25 of the Indian constitution, which they complained fails to recognize their special place in the nation. Then the government of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi announced it would consider amending Article 25, and the constitution burning was called off. But just when the situation seemed to be cooling, the violence that has plagued the Punjab for 18 months exploded ferociously. Early last week Sikh extremists lobbed hand grenades into a religious house near their holy city of Amritsar, killing four and injuring 31. In many Punjab towns terrorists on motorcycles shot up cars, banks and people in the streets. Two Hindu political leaders, both national figures, were gunned down. At week's end 23 had been killed and 80 injured, bringing the death toll in the past three months to almost 300.

Responsibility for the new wave of killings was claimed by the Dashmesh Regiment, a previously unrecognized group of Sikh terrorists that counts moderate Sikhs as well as Hindus and the government among its sworn enemies. The Dashmesh, which may be connected with the fanatical Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale, has vowed to murder one political figure a day until the government lifts a ban imposed late last month on a radical Sikh student organization.

The Indian Cabinet, in an emergency session last week, declared the Punjab "dangerously disturbed" and increased the arrest and detention powers of security forces in that area. Still, opposition leaders in the Parliament regard these measures as insufficient. Most oppose Mrs. Gandhi's efforts to meet Sikh demands, and some even suggest that she storm the Golden Temple in Amritsar, where Bhindranwale is ensconced, which would undoubtedly provoke an even more furious Sikh uprising.

Even the pro-government *Times of India* criticized Mrs. Gandhi for proceeding with a trip to Arab capitals beginning this week. "If her government has recognized the situation to be critical enough to warrant such drastic measures," it asked in an editorial, "can she afford to be away from the country for even a day? The trip will appear to be an exercise in escapism." Mrs. Gandhi, caught between pressures to do more and less, must wonder if escape lies anywhere. ■



Bhindranwale



Salvadoran human rights workers show photos of torture victims

HUMAN RIGHTS

Torture: a Worldwide Epidemic

Amnesty International details abuses in 98 countries

The victim could be a child of twelve or a man of 60. He could be a factory worker or a missionary. He might have been pulled arbitrarily from a crowd in a demonstration, or dragged away in the middle of the night before the bewildered eyes of his family. Perhaps he stole a loaf of bread, aided a guerrilla or disagreed with the President. Or maybe he did nothing at all.

What these people have in common is that they are the victims of a barbaric practice condoned and often encouraged by governments throughout the world: torture. According to a 263-page study released last week by Amnesty International, a London-based human rights group that won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1977, torture is now practiced by governments in 98 countries. The product of meticulous documentation, *Torture in the Eighties* is the most comprehensive report on the subject to date. Its conclusion, in the words of Amnesty's Mark Grantham: "Torture is not an isolated, but a widespread phenomenon. It is an epidemic in the world."

According to the report, the practice is used extensively in South America, Africa and Asia. Amnesty also found evidence that torture had been applied in developed countries. The report cites allegations that police have beaten prisoners in Italy; it also mentions instances of police brutality in the U.S.

In Latin America torture is as commonplace as it is gruesome. Among the worst offenders are Colombia and Peru, where torture has been justified as a way to combat insurgencies. Prisoners in both countries are often deprived of food, subjected to electric shock, or suspended by their arms while handcuffed behind their backs. In Paraguay torture has become an administrative tool to enforce the

firm grip of President Alfredo Stroessner, who seized control of the country 30 years ago. Paraguayans who are suspected of belonging to left-wing groups are often held incommunicado in cramped cells without natural light, fresh air, medical attention or much food for days or even weeks.

Police forces in Chile, according to Amnesty, inflict not only routine beatings but also a gamut of abuses referred to in sardonic slang. *El teléfono* (the telephone) consists of blows with the palms of the hands on both ears simultaneously; *la parrilla* (the metal grill) is an electrical shock administered to the genitals; *el submarino* or *la bañera* (the submarine or the bath) is a treatment in which the victim's head is held under water almost to the point of suffocation. Says Grantham: "Torture does not occur simply because individual torturers are sadistic. They tend to be servants of a state carrying out a state policy."

In El Salvador, the report notes, journalists, church workers, women, children and teachers have been victims of abuse by various governmental defense organizations and paramilitary units. The methods include sexual abuse, the use of chemicals to disorient people, mock executions and burning of flesh with sulfuric acid.



An Iranian woman shows scars inflicted with broken glass in prison

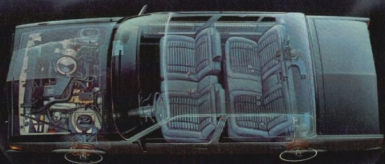
The details change, but the grotesque practices repeat themselves around the world. Syrian prisoners are subject to whippings and cigarette burns, as well as fingernail plucking and long periods in which they are hung upside down. In one particularly horrifying case, police in India deliberately blinded 36 suspected criminals during one year by piercing their eyes with bicycle spokes and wrapping them with acid-soaked pads. In countries as diverse as Mauritania and Uruguay, governments seek the cooperation of medical professionals, who either ignore signs of abuse or actively participate in torture. Prisoners of conscience in the Soviet Union, for example, often are forcibly treated by doctors who give them disorienting or pain-causing drugs.

Although most countries' laws against torture are simply not enforced, the practice is in some places not only tolerated but legal. Under Pakistan's Islamic and martial laws, flogging is a common punishment for ordinary criminal acts and political offenses, while amputation is an acceptable penalty for thieves. In Iran, stoning to death is officially sanctioned for certain serious offenses.

The Amnesty report has received overwhelming praise from other human rights groups. Says Nina Shea, program director for the International League for Human Rights in New York: "I find it to be eminently reliable, if not on the conservative side." Aryeh Neier, vice chairman of New York-based Americas Watch, agrees. "It's absolutely solid," he says. More surprising, the Reagan Administration, which often finds itself at odds with human rights groups, responded favorably. Although officials were disappointed that the report paid little attention to Cuba and Nicaragua, a State Department spokesman declared: "It documents this problem in impressive and sickening detail."

Amnesty has worked to raise consciousness about torture at the United Nations, where a voluntary fund for victims has been established. Twelve governments, including the U.S., Sweden and Greece, have pledged more than \$700,000. In its report, Amnesty proposes a twelve-point plan to protect prisoners' rights, officially condemn torture, safeguard prisoners during interrogation, limit incommunicado detention and allow independent investigations into torture. "Torture can be stopped," the report declared. "What is lacking is the political will of governments to stop torturing people." The report may not persuade many governments to stop torturing their citizens, but by increasing the volume of information on the subject it should add to international pressure against such practices. —By Laura López





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Religion

Matters of Faith and Death

Courts move against parents who deny children medical care

Slumped in a chair, her face ashen with pain, twelve-year-old Pamela Hamilton of La Follette, Tenn., asked a state judge to grant a seemingly suicidal wish: not to have medical treatment for her rare form of bone cancer. Doctors had testified that without chemotherapy and radiation treatment she would die within months. But Pamela's father Larry is a minister in the Church of God of the Union Assembly, a fundamentalist sect that does not permit its members to seek medical treatment and counsels them to rely instead on the power of prayer. Despite her dramatic plea seven months ago, the judge ordered hospital care to begin. Last week her doctor announced that there was no longer any evidence of the disease. But Pamela's father clings to his belief in the inefficacy of science. "The medicine didn't do it," he insists. "It came through God."

Although the judge's ruling probably saved Pamela's life, it has again put the American legal system at odds with the Constitution's guarantee of religious freedom. State courts have routinely intervened against the antimedicine doctrines of some religious groups in ordering treatment for the children of church members when death is imminent. Now states are beginning to bring charges of neglect or abuse against parents who endanger their children's lives by adhering to religious teachings.

In some Christian sects, opposition to medicine is sweeping: Herbert W. Armstrong, leader of the Worldwide Church of God, calls vaccines "monkey pus" and likens the use of physicians to worship of pagan gods. Christian Science urges its adherents to conquer illness by prayer, but allows them, if they insist, to consult doctors. Jehovah's Witnesses are forbidden blood transfusions but are allowed other medical procedures. Ironically, because Witnesses are permitted to consult doctors, they have been involved in many legal cases: if the ailing child of a church member requires a transfusion after being hospitalized, a court order is quickly obtained. At a Long Island hospital last week, a New York State judge heard late-night testimony from James and Theresa Tuomey, both Jehovah's Witnesses; then, over their objections, he ordered a life-

saving transfusion for their prematurely born, one-day-old daughter.

In many instances, though, courts do not hear about children's untreated illnesses until it is too late. In the past, states rarely charged parents with child neglect or abuse if religious beliefs were involved. Washington until recently also evaded the problem: in 1974, a federal child protection program required participating states to exempt from prose-



Exhausted: Pamela Hamilton after being ordered to begin cancer therapy. *A father's belief that her recovery "came through God."*

cution parents who refuse medical treatment for their children on religious grounds.

In response to a number of well-publicized cases in which children died, seemingly unnecessarily, from accidents or disease, state legislators are calling for change. Indiana has a new law that as of June will no longer allow parents or anyone else to cite religious beliefs as a defense for failure to report a case of child abuse or neglect. Tennessee's senate last week voted down a religious exemption bill. The federal Department of Health and Human Services last year dropped the 1974 religious exemption demands and issued a new regulation to states, requiring that all cases of child neglect be reported. (An amendment to restore that exemption could pass Congress this year.)

A burgeoning movement to change

state laws is being led by two former Christian Scientists, Rita and Douglas Swan, who saw their 15-month-old son die from untreated meningitis in 1977. Traumatized by that experience, the Swans have become implacable foes of their former faith. Now teaching at Morningside College in Iowa, they have founded CHILD (Children's Healthcare Is a Legal Duty), Inc. to work for new laws. Says Rita: "I think people are getting more disgusted."

Popular revulsion against parents who let their children suffer for reasons of faith led to the change in Indiana's law. The state is headquarters of the Faith Assembly, whose 1,500 members nationwide

are strictly enjoined from using doctors. The Fort Wayne *News-Sentinel*, which closely follows the church, estimates that 63 followers in eight states have died since 1976 because they would not accept medical treatment. Of these, 43 were children. In a particularly shocking incident in 1981, one-year-old Evie Swanson of Attica, Ind., received second- and third-degree burns when scalding tea spilled over her. Infection set in, was left untreated, and Evie died two days later. In another case, newborn Joel David Hall of Whitley County, Ind., died in February from pneumonia even though, as County Coroner Alfred Allina noted, \$5 worth of antibiotics might have saved his life. A grand jury is considering an indictment against the parents. It would be the first such criminal case in Indiana.

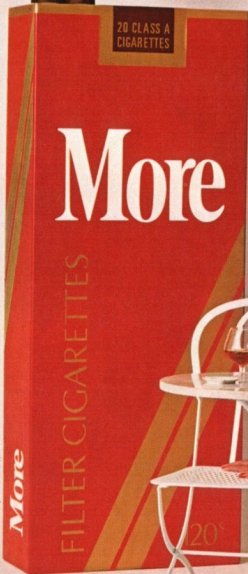
Allina believes it is "naïve" to think that fear of punishment will persuade zealots

to report cases of sick children who are denied medical care. Certainly that was the case last September when C.D. Long and his wife Judy of Summerville, Ga., were charged with involuntary manslaughter in the death of their 16-year-old foster son. The boy died of a ruptured appendix; after days of agony; during that period the parents, both members of the Union Assembly, had not sought medical help. But neighbors of the Longs in the close-knit northwestern Georgia community were reluctant to testify, and in February a state judge dismissed the case. The dead boy's aunt, Glenda Eden, who complained about his suffering to the authorities, cannot understand the claims of religious liberty in such cases. Says she: "When it comes to letting little children die, that's beyond religion." —By Richard N. Ostling,

Reported by Barbara B. Dolan/Atlanta, with other bureaus

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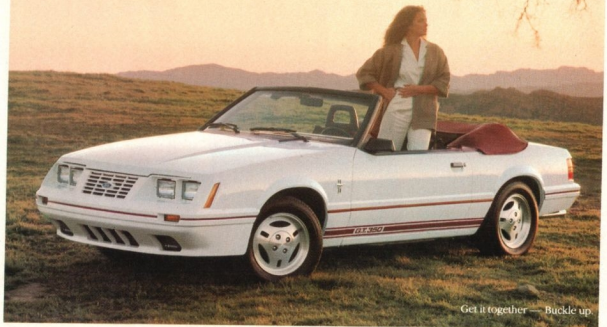
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Environment

A Sharpshooter at Interior

The custodian of U.S. wildlife makes the feathers fly

Rising from behind his large wooden desk, G. (for George) Ray Arnett proudly points to the hunting trophies that adorn his Washington office. They include a bobcat skin, the head of a white-tailed deer and a stuffed pheasant. Pausing at a side table, he picks up a two-foot-long bonelike object. "That?" says Arnett, with barely concealed delight. "That's an usuk, the private part of a male walrus. Eskimos use it in their ceremonies as a fertility symbol." Ambling back to his chair, he chuckles: "Some animals are luckier than humans."

Like former Interior Secretary James Watt, his friend and onetime boss, Arnett can seldom resist a wisecrack. Nor is the strapping (6 ft. 5 in.), gregarious Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife and Parks shy about his enthusiasm for life in the outdoors. As he showed a visitor around his office, he sported a tie decorated with kangaroos and held in place by an elephant clasp. His 260-lb. frame was partially cloaked by a casual cardigan sweater adorned with a pin that said DUCKS. Says Arnett: "I like the camaraderie of hunting. I like sleeping in tents and sleeping bags. I like the smell of horse manure and horses. If I happen to get a deer, I'm delighted. I'd much rather be sitting in a deer camp than in the President's box at Kennedy Center."

Much of the environmental community would also prefer to keep Arnett out in the woods. He is not only supervisor of the Fish and Wildlife Service but is also in charge of enforcing the Endangered Species Act. Though Arnett is a former president of the National Wildlife Federation, the country's largest conservation organization, many environmentalists feel he has allowed his zest for hunting to get in the way of protecting nongame animals. Says Wildlife Specialist Michael Bean of the Environmental Defense Fund: "Arnett figures that if it isn't worth shooting or trapping or putting a hook in, it probably isn't worth worrying about."

In part, Arnett encourages such animosity with his cantankerous, profane, macho manner. Even a hunting pal, Dale Whitesell, executive vice president of Ducks Unlimited, a national conservation organization, admits, "Where James Watt would never say a four-letter word, Ray would say every one you ever heard and some you haven't." Arnett, a Californian who headed that state's department of fish and game for seven years, likes to twist his environmentalist foes, calling them "tree huggers," "Chicken Little extremists" and "prairie fairies." Some months ago, he supported a tax on the binoculars, books and film used by bird watchers,

wildlife photographers and nature lovers, arguing that they should be charged for using the outdoors just as hunters and fishermen are. He makes no secret of where his sympathies lie: when asked once what he liked to hunt, Arnett replied, "Everything."

In addition to his anachronistic "bwana, great white hunter" image, as Wildlife Federation Executive Vice President Jay Hair derisively puts it, environmentalists have substantive differences with Arnett. Under his auspices, the Fish and Wildlife Service openly talks of encouraging the hunting of wolves, mountain lions and other endangered predators. Arnett backs

lead poisoning was a whooping crane, a member of a highly endangered species (only about 100 whoopers are left) that the Interior Department has been trying to save, at a cost of more than \$500,000 a year. Arnett dismisses the death as a "freak occurrence."

Arnett's convictions have made the 60-year-old former oil company geologist, who won a battlefield commission in the Marines during World War II, a hero to his fellow hunters. In Arnett, says National Rifle Association President Howard Pollock, who shares a Virginia apartment with his divorced buddy, "the hunter, the outdoorsman, the fisherman have a real champion." Adds Republican Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska: "Ray's done a damn good job. Those extreme environmental groups were spoiled under President Carter. They never paid any attention to hunters." In fact, even some



Arnett and stuffed pheasant: extolling the chase and needling the tree huggers

"I'd rather be in a deer camp than the President's box."

a bill that would open up millions of acres of national park land in Alaska to hunters. Like Watt, he has also promoted oil and gas drilling, grazing and lumbering in the national wildlife refuges.

Perhaps the most emotional issue involving Arnett is his unyielding stand on the fatal ingestion by waterfowl of spent lead shotgun pellets that hunters scatter in marshlands. Hair, a wildlife biologist, and other environmentalists say that the lead-shot toll may be as high as 4 million ducks annually. They contend that the deaths could be avoided by switching to steel pellets. Arnett's answer: "It's not that easy." Accepting the argument of many hunters that the lighter steel pellets have less stopping power and that consequently more ducks would be injured, he has cut back on his department's research into the matter. He has even withdrawn an Interior Department film showing the effectiveness of steel shot. Ironically, one recent victim of

environmentalists give the flamboyant Arnett his due, applauding his battle for more funds for the Fish and Wildlife Service, as well as his quiet scuttling of the appointment of an unqualified Reagan crony as director of the agency. They even appreciate his candor. Says one longtime adversary: "Ray is 100% honest. If he's going to oppose you, he'll tell you before he does, while he's doing it and after he's done it."

Arnett, to be sure, does not see himself as crusty or contentious. Nor, he insists, does he like to get into shouting or shooting matches with his foes. Such squabbling, he says in his best good-ole-boy manner, "is like a pile of horse manure by the side of the road. If you keep stirring it, it will keep stinking and drawing flies. But if you leave it alone, it'll dry and blow away." Alas, in the view of environmentalists, that roadside pile is growing. —By Frederic Golden, Reported by Jay Branagan/Washington

Economy & Business

The Talk of the Money World

A journalist's breach of ethics leads to a major SEC investigation

The "Heard on the Street" column of the *Wall Street Journal* (circ. 2 million) is always tucked onto the bottom of the paper's penultimate page. But its out-of-the-way position belies its importance as a mover of markets. A gossipy grab bag of investment tips, spot analysis and rumors about companies, the daily feature can drive stocks sharply up or down. Last week, though, the column itself was hot news on Wall Street. In an extraordinary front-page story and related articles, the *Wall Street Journal* disclosed

“The stocks in the column get a lot of action.”

details of what is shaping up as probably the most severe breach of ethics in the business publication's 94-year history. The case is also raising questions about the use of privileged or confidential information by anyone dealing in the stock market.

The unfolding account was a remarkable exposure of the inside workings of a portion of the newspaper. It focused on R. Foster Winans, 35, one of two main "Heard on the Street" writers before he was fired two weeks ago. At that time, the paper said, Winans admitted to the Securities and Exchange Commission that he had leaked items from upcoming columns to investors. Among those who may have benefited was David J. Carpenter, 34, a former *Journal* news clerk and Winans' homosexual lover. The two men share an apartment in Manhattan's Greenwich Village.

The SEC last week continued to delve deep into the matter. The agency is examining every "Heard on the Street" column since August 1982 and has subpoenaed personnel records from several of the paper's staffers. The SEC is also investigating stock transactions of investors suspected of profiting from the leaks, as well as records of the brokerage houses that handled their trades.

The *Journal*, which said it does not believe that any other reporter leaked information, has been cooperating fully. Two weeks ago, Managing Editor Norman Pearlstine and Richard Rustin, Winans' supervisor, testified before investigators in Washington. The newspaper, however, found itself in the unusual position of urging staff members not to discuss the case with the press.

While the paper reported that it did not know what, if anything, Winans got in return for the leaks, which violated a detailed *Journal* ethics policy,* it noted that the columnist frequently complained about the size of his salary. He continued to do so after receiving a \$35-a-week raise last November that boosted his weekly income to \$610. Among other things, Winans said he was distressed by the large medical bill owed by Carpenter, whose health had been weakened by a case of leukemia that has been in remission for years.

There may have been reasons for the leaks other than just financial gain. "Heard on the Street" writers are strongly encouraged to dig up scoops, according to

*TME, which like the *Wall Street Journal* has a clear policy on conflict of interest, has had only one known case of an employee who violated the policy in 61 years of publication. In 1963, the SEC found that a former TME business editor had bought stocks of firms shortly before articles about them appeared in the magazine.

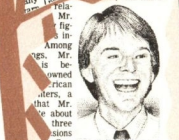
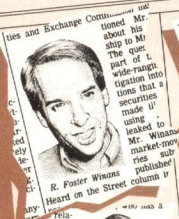
one former reporter at the paper. As a result, a column writer could be tempted to swap information with a news source in exchange for fresh tips. "Out of a galaxy of motives," said the ex-staffer, "it is conceivable that there is but one element: simple pressure to get a story."

Whatever the reason for leaking the information, confidential material can mean hefty payoffs for those who receive it. In its probe, the SEC is examining records of New York City Attorney David W.C. Clark to see whether he profited from leaks. The *Journal* said Clark invested in stocks and options of at least six companies just a while before Winans wrote about them. By selling them shortly after the columns appeared, Clark made \$100,000 on three of the deals, according to the paper.

The disclosures about Winans sur-

THE WALL STREET

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Twenty-One Companies Are Listed in Subpoena

Here are the names of the 21 companies listed in a subpoena to R. Foster Winans. Trading in these issues is being investigated by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

- Beatrice Foods Co.
- Caterpillar Tractor Co.
- Charter Co.
- Chicago Milwaukee Corp.
- Coleco Industries Inc.
- Commodore International Ltd.
- Getty Oil Co.
- Greyhound Corp.
- International Paper Co.
- Isomedix Inc.
- Jiffy Industries Inc.
- Key Pharmaceuticals Inc.
- Perkin-Elmer Corp.
- Petro-Lewis Corp.
- Quotron Systems Inc.
- Radiation Technology Inc.
- Rolm Corp.
- G.D. Searle & Co.
- TIE/communications Inc.
- Toys R Us Inc.
- Western Union Corp.

prised many friends and colleagues. Acquaintances described him as witty, well-mannered and a person "who didn't take himself too seriously." He had a knack for getting along with those he wrote about. Recalled one associate: "While a lot of reporters seem ill at ease when dealing with business people, he was not."

Winans, whose brother Christopher, 33, is a *Journal* copy editor, apparently had at least one blemish on his record. At the *Trentonian*, a New Jersey tabloid on which he worked as a reporter for four years, former colleagues say that Winans once pirated details from other reporters' notes and used them to write a freelance article that he then sold to the *New York Times*. He was reprimanded by a *Trentonian* editor and did not repeat the practice.

Winans rose quickly after leaving the *Trentonian* in 1981 to become a \$379-a-week copyreader at the Dow Jones News Service, a *Journal* affiliate. The following year he was promoted to the newspaper as a "Heard on the Street" writer. Although he received a written warning after making four factual errors, he improved enough to win a raise. Said Pearlstine: "In spite of the reprimand letter, I thought Foster was doing a fine job in most respects."

The "Heard on the Street" column for which Winans started to write was influ-

ential but had lost a bit of luster in the past few years. Begun in its present format in 1967 by Charles Elia, the feature became an institution during Wall Street's go-go days. Says Elia, now an investment manager: "The whole idea was to get at something that was creating movement in stocks, to try to learn as much as we could. In the early years firms were reluctant to release their research findings and we had to pry it out." Elia was joined in 1968 by Dan Dorfman, now a syndicated financial writer. "Dorfman wrote a very electric column," recalls a former *Journal* reporter. "He broke one or two stories a week that had everyone on tenterhooks. Since then, it has never had that electricity."

Dorfman and Elia said they had often been pressured to reveal column items before they were published. "You get that," said Elia. "You have to be very careful and very savvy about motives. You have to know your sources and the axes anyone has to grind." Conceded Dorfman: "There are always going to be leaks. There is no way to prevent them." Simply calling a company for information, Dorfman said, can indicate that a story could be forthcoming.

Despite the fall-off in vitality, the "Heard on the Street" column is still avidly read. "It's something that people turn right to," says Jay Marshall, a Merrill Lynch broker in Beverly Hills. "The stocks in the column get a lot of action." Concurrs Jay Goldinger, a California investment adviser: "I don't read it for hot tips. But you have to know what's in the column so you'll know what's going to be happening in the market."

The feature's impact was reflected in a recent survey by Norman Fosback, a newsletter publisher in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Fosback studied "Heard on the Street" columns published during 1983 and found that stocks discussed favorably quickly climbed about 6% in value, while those that were criticized fell about the same amount.

Some Wall Streeters professed little surprise about the newspaper leaks. Said one: "No one ever had the view that everyone is perfectly clean." Swapping facts and gossip about companies, moreover, is a favorite Wall Street practice. Experienced brokers said they often knew about stories that publications were preparing. They noted that journalists frequently misled them about either the timing or the direction of a story. Said one broker: "We both play games."

The *Journal* case follows a recent flurry of SEC investigations into the misuse of confidential or insider information. Such incidents have been

provoked in part by the merger wave that has been sweeping over U.S. industry. Reason: advance knowledge of a takeover bid can lead to big profits. Last January, for example, the SEC charged Paul Thayer, former Deputy Secretary of Defense and ex-chairman of the LTV Corp., with revealing to friends acquisition plans and other inside information concerning companies of which he was a director.

The agency has also been probing the misuse of information by persons other than corporate insiders. In one such case

“ We want the market to know that the cop is on the beat. ”

the SEC is examining records of CBS *Evening News* employees to see whether they invested in G.D. Searle options just before the network broadcast programs that reported Searle's NutraSweet sugar substitute might cause health problems. The CBS employees are suspected of profiting from their advance knowledge of news concerning the company.

In all, the SEC has brought over 50 suits involving insider trading in the past 2½ years. That is more than the total number started by the agency in the preceding 47 years. Says Enforcement Director John Fedders, who heads a 591-member team: "You're going to continue to see a lot of action from us. We want the market to know that the cop is on the beat."

To make the cop tougher, the SEC is asking Congress to stiffen the penalties for illegal insider trading. Those convicted in civil cases now receive wrist-slap sanctions that merely bar them from further misuse of information and make them relinquish their profits. A House-passed version of the SEC measure would impose fines of up to three times the gains made from illicit transactions.

But Fedders and his boss, SEC Chairman John Shad, are cautious about a separate insider trading proposal before the Senate. Sponsored by New York Republican Alfonso D'Amato, it would strengthen penalties but also greatly broaden the legal definition of persons considered to be insiders. While that group is now limited to such individuals as company executives and major shareholders, the D'Amato proposal could apply to anyone from a secretary to a board chairman to a journalist who had inside information about a company. Last week Fedders warned Senators that a squeal over definitions could delay or even halt prospects for final approval of the House measure.

Though newspaper reporters at present cannot be prosecuted as insiders, the *Journal's* Winans, according to the paper, could be charged under statutes covering fraud and theft.

—By John Greenwald, Reported by Marcia Gauger/New York and Christopher Redman/Washington

JOURNAL.

By R. FOSTER WINANS

Chicago Milwaukee Corp. shares have been strong lately and could strengthen further this week when the bidding for its Milwaukee Road rail unit begins to take final shape.

The stock, which traded as low as 3 in 1978 after the rail subsidiary began bankruptcy proceedings, jumped as much as 25% in the past month to a high of 120. The shares closed Friday at 117, up 3%.

The news that got the stock price rolling last month was the entry into the bidding war by Soo Line Railroad, majority-owned by Canadian Pacific Ltd. Soo Line will be bidding against Chicago & North Western Transportation and Grand Trunk, which is owned by Canada's Investment Corp. and Canadian Pacific.

Heard on the Street

Chicago Milwaukee Corp.

February 24, 1984

120 63 1/2 CHMw .. 80 48 117 114 117 +3%

February 27, 1984

120 63 1/2 CHMw .. 85 231 0125 121 1/4 124 +7%

February 28, 1984

125 63 1/2 CHMw .. 87 301 0131 1/2 124 1/4 120 +3%

February 29, 1984

131 1/2 63 1/2 CHMw .. 85 149 129 1/4 122 1/4 125 -2%

The paper's account of the case included these front-page sketches of fired reporter Winans and his companion Carpenter, together with a list of stocks that are part of the Securities and Exchange Commission investigation. The price of Chicago Milwaukee shares jumped 7% the day the company was mentioned favorably in the column

Economy & Business

Tax Ideas from Flat to VAT

Looking for ways to make the bite on income less unfair

Once again, the dread mid-April deadline looms. It is time for the annual agony of Form 1040. Struggling through the labyrinth of loopholes, millions of Americans will complain this week that they must be paying more than their fair share of taxes. They will grumble anew about fat cats who can afford high-priced accountants to find tax shelters.

Since 1950 the percentage of federal revenue that comes from the income tax has risen from 40% to 48% (see chart), and politicians sense that public resentment is coming to a boil. In his State of the Union address, President Reagan said he had asked the Treasury Department to devise "a plan of action to simplify the entire tax code, so that all taxpayers, big and small, are treated more fairly." The Treasury plan will not be ready until after the election, but at least half a dozen proposals are already percolating in Congress. The Democratic presidential candidates support tax reform, and it could become a major campaign theme in the fall. Says Democratic Congressman Jim Jones of Oklahoma: "I think both sides will be trumpeting tax simplification, lower rates and fewer tax shelters."

A compelling reason for revamping the tax system is the need to raise substantial new revenues to help close a federal budget deficit that threatens to top \$200 billion. The budget gap may stall the economic recovery by pushing up interest rates. Last week banks raised the prime rate that they charge corporate customers from 11.5% to 12%, the second rise in three weeks. The Federal Reserve Board reinforced the trend by raising the discount rate it charges on loans to banks from 8.5% to 9%.

If Congress cut down drastically on the number of deductions allowed, it could raise revenue and simultaneously lower tax rates. One of the most sweeping strategies of this kind is the so-called flat-tax proposal put before Congress last year by Democratic Senator Dennis DeConcini of Arizona. Devised by Economist Robert Hall and Political Scientist Alvin Rabushka of the Hoover Institution at Stanford, the plan would eliminate all deductions and tax everyone at the same rate, 19%. Currently, rates go as high as 50%. The Hall-Rabushka proposal would let all taxpayers subtract a "personal allowance" from their income that would amount to \$8,500 for a family of four. This provision would mean that poor families would continue paying little or no tax.

Corporations would also pay a 19% rate, rather than their current

maximum of 46%. They could deduct the cost of new equipment immediately instead of writing it off over several years. But companies would actually pay more than they do now because they would lose many tax breaks, including the deduction of interest expense. Hall and Rabushka estimate that their plan would lift the Government's annual revenues by about \$100 billion and close half the budget deficit.

Though simple and evenhanded, the Hall-Rabushka plan has at least two features that probably doom it politically. First, it calls for a low 19% tax rate on even the richest of taxpayers. Second, it does away with many tax preferences, like the deduction of mortgage interest, that millions of Americans rely upon.

Two Democrats, Congressman Richard Gephardt of Missouri and Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey, are pushing a less radical tax-simplification strategy. Their

plan would set three rates: 14% on individual incomes up to \$25,000; 26% on amounts ranging from \$25,001 to \$37,500; and 30% above that level. About 80% of taxpayers would be in the 14% bracket. The Bradley-Gephardt plan eliminates many loopholes, but keeps such popular tax breaks as deductions for mortgage interest and charitable donations.

A pair of Republicans, Congressman Jack Kemp of New York and Senator Robert Kasten of Wisconsin, are preparing a bill similar in many ways to the Bradley-Gephardt plan, but the top rate would be 25% instead of 30%. Says Kemp: "I think the chances are fifty-fifty we'll pass something."

Some experts argue that trying to reform the income tax system to raise more revenue will be a politically futile exercise. Charles Walker, a former Deputy Treasury Secretary in the Nixon Administration and now chairman of the American Council for Capital Formation, suggests that the U.S. adopt a value-added tax (VAT) similar to the kind used in most West European countries. A VAT is a tax levied on goods at each point of the production and distribution chain according to the value added at that stage. A tax on refrigerators, for example, would be collected from the manufacturer, the wholesale distributor and the retail appliance dealer. Ultimately, of course, consumers would pay the tax in the form of higher prices.

A 5% VAT would produce \$60 billion in 1985. Says Republican Congressman Barber Conable of New York: "The VAT raises significant amounts of money and hides it in the price structure—a politician's dream." A VAT is harder to evade than the income tax, which is one reason it is used in Europe, where income tax cheating is common. The Internal Revenue Service says it lost \$81.5 billion in 1981 because people concealed income.

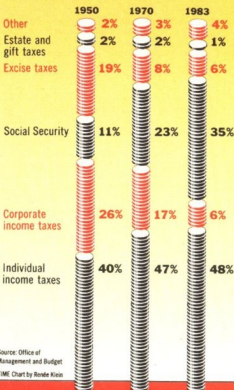
The main objection to the VAT is that it would fall heavily on the poor, who spend most of their income on basic items like food and housing. One solution would be to exempt such essentials from the tax. Walker suggests that low-income people could get income tax credits or rebates to counterbalance the VAT.

No one expects tax reform to make much headway in an election year, but the White House may give it a big push in 1985. Says Walker: "If Reagan is re-elected, he's got nothing to lose. If a Democrat becomes President, he sure doesn't want the deficit altobross around his neck when he runs again four years later." For once, tax increases, if wrapped in tax reform, could be good politics.

—By Charles P. Alexander.
Reported by Gisela Bolte and Neil MacNeil/Washington

BURDEN SHARING

% of Federal Government revenues supplied by each source, fiscal years



Source: Office of Management and Budget
TIME Chart by Ronde Kline



SelectaVision was fatally upstaged by an electronic relative, the video-cassette recorder

Slipped Disc

RCA drops a \$580 million dud

When RCA brought out its SelectaVision VideoDisc Player in 1981, it had visions of a huge new market. Dubbed the Manhattan Project during 15 years of development, SelectaVision works much like a phonograph. A diamond needle picks up video and audio signals from the tiny grooves of a silvery plastic disc whirling at 450 r.p.m. To operate the machine, which is connected to a TV set, the user simply inserts a disc and flips a lever.

Last week, though, RCA (1983 sales: \$8.9 billion) announced that it will discontinue production of SelectaVision machines, thus putting a stop to losses on the device, which have already reached \$580 million. The company promised to continue making discs for at least three years. While RCA once expected to sell 500,000 machines in the product's first year on the market, it sold only 550,000 since 1981.

From its introduction, SelectaVision was fatally upstaged by an electronic relative, the video-cassette recorder, which had come out six years earlier. Most consumers prefer VCRs because the machines can record broadcasts as well as play pre-recorded tapes. SelectaVision machines, by contrast, allow the user to play only prerecorded discs. Says Arthur Morowitz, president of New York's Video Shack chain: "It was a dinosaur from the beginning. There was never a really strong need for it."

RCA tried to promote its disc player as a low-cost alternative to tape machines, which was feasible three years ago, when VCRs typically sold for \$1,000 and RCA's disc player went for \$500. But prices for cassette recorders have fallen as low as \$300. RCA dropped the price on the least expensive player to \$199, but it was never able to take sales away from VCRs. SelectaVision also lost another key

selling point: the low cost of its discs. The movies and other programs available on RCA-type video discs are as low as \$20, about half the price of video cassettes. But RCA never counted on the sudden abundance of rental cassettes. Some 14,000 shops nationwide now rent movies for as little as \$1 a day.

RCA's decision to abandon SelectaVision comes just as disc-player sales seemed to switch into fast-forward. After producing some 250,000 SelectaVision sets last year, the company was selling them during the past month at the rate of 400,000 a year. Company executives, though, figured that they would need to produce three or four times that many to make a sufficient profit. Only about 12,000 SelectaVisions remain in stock at RCA's Bloomington, Ind., plant, but wholesalers and dealers have about 150,000 left.

Even though SelectaVision is dead, video-disc technology will probably continue to grow. Such firms as Pioneer and Magnavox, which sell disc machines that use a more advanced system based on lasers, are expected to continue making machines. These devices, which assign a number to each image, allow the user to call up an individual frame almost instantly. Priced at about \$700, the laser players are often used in education and industry. Several firms are developing ways to use video discs as data-storage devices for computers.

Wall Street analysts generally applauded RCA's decision to abandon its onetime pet project. Said Smith Barney's Russell Leavitt: "The disc players were using up too much of the company's resources." RCA can take consolation in the fact that it hedged its bet on SelectaVision. The company is the biggest U.S. marketer of its disc player's chief nemesis, the VCR. RCA is expected to sell 1.5 million cassette machines this year, up about 100% from 1983. —By Stephen Koepf. Reported by Lawrence Mondl/New York

Top Dollar

Raking in more than a million

Like the four-minute mile for runners, an annual income of more than \$1 million for a U.S. corporate executive once appeared to be a barrier that would be nearly impossible to break. Now, with the economic recovery in full swing, a combined salary and bonus in excess of \$1 million is becoming almost commonplace.

Sibson, a New Jersey-based consulting firm that monitors executive compensation, reports that the highest paid U.S. executive last year appears to have been Donald B. Marron, chairman of the Paine Webber brokerage firm, who received a 1983 salary and bonus totaling \$2,012,788. Company financial statements for last year are still being published, and a higher income may yet be reported. Ten other executives from publicly owned Wall Street firms also received total compensation of more than \$1 million. Four of them came from First Boston, an investment banking firm.

Executive salaries in Detroit are spiraling upward particularly fast. From 1980 to 1982 the depressed auto industry did not give out any bonuses, but now they are back—and big. Two weeks ago Ford announced that Chairman Philip Caldwell in 1983 received a salary of \$520,534

\$2,012,788.00

and a bonus of \$900,000. Stock options can dramatically boost total compensation figures even higher. Last year Caldwell's options netted him an extra \$5,892,024. General Motors Chairman Roger Smith, whose company had record earnings of \$3.7 billion in 1983, will probably get a salary and bonus package worth about \$1.3 million. Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca, however, may not get much more than his 1982 compensation of \$365,676. Reason: the Chrysler board has already given him a special stock package worth \$5 million to \$20 million, depending on how long he stays with the company.

If top executives liked their paychecks in 1983, they should be even happier this year. Sibson estimates that the average increase in total compensation for chief executive officers will be 12.5% in 1984, in contrast with an average increase of just 3% last year. Lower-level managers, on the other hand, will not do quite so well. Their pay hikes are expected to be 11%, after a 5.6% increase in 1983. Says Alan Johnson, a senior consultant with Sibson: "The highest increases will be in industries geared to performance, where the bonus reflects the largest part of compensation." Stockbrokers and automakers should do well; executives at utilities and insurance companies may see more modest gains. ■



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AT&T Computers are built from the molecules up to *share* processing power and to communicate swiftly and naturally.

And AT&T Computers set a new standard in reliability. Because they were designed for the most demanding business application—telecommunications. Each of the thousands of AT&T Computers in

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Our computers range from desktop systems serving up to 18 users to very large systems serving over 150. There's also a high-speed local network to tie them all together. Plus a *PC Interface* that allows personal computers (which used to operate in isolation) to communicate with each other and with AT&T Computers.

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This is just the beginning. You'll be hearing more from us soon.



Economy & Business

Mr. Rich Estate

Trump builds big and lavish

When asked the three rules for making money in real estate, most promoters answer with the hackneyed "Location, location, location." To that formula, Donald Trump, 37, adds timing and targeting. Trump has built a \$1 billion empire in what he regards as the world's most important location: New York City. His company's umbrella covers hotels, condominiums, shopping centers and more than 25,000 apartments. He bought properties when prices were low and turned them into moneymakers by selling to the super rich.

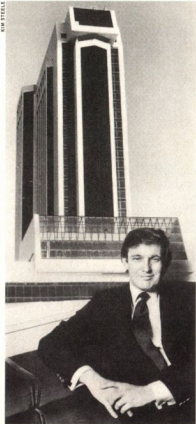
Now Trump is going after another interest of some of those same people: gambling. Next month Trump and Harrah's, the Nevada-based hotel/casino company, will open a fun-and-games palace in Atlantic City. It will be Harrah's second one there and its first on the famous Boardwalk. The hotel will have 614 rooms, and its 39 stories will make it the tallest building so far in the construction boom that began there in the late 1970s.

At 60,000 sq. ft., the gaming center will be one of the largest in the world. There will be a 750-seat nightclub and seven restaurants, including one named Ivana, after Trump's Vienna-born wife. The former model and competitive skier is a vice president of the Trump organization.

The Atlantic City project is not Trump's only undertaking in New Jersey. Last September he bought the Generals of the new United States Football League. A loser during its first season in 1983, the team has won five and lost one so far this year. His Generals, says Trump, have "now become the No. 1 story in the whole of sports." Hyperbole like that is part of the Trump style. He is dreaming of the ultimate contest, a "Galaxy Bowl," mightier than the Super Bowl, that would pit the top N.F.L. team against the best U.S.F.L. one.

Donald Trump followed the lead of his father Fred, who built apartments in Brooklyn and Queens. But Trump the younger focused on the borough of Manhattan. In the mid 1970s, when real estate prices there were depressed by a recession and the city's financial problems, Trump astonished people by buying the old Commodore Hotel from the bankrupt Penn Central. He gutted it, put in lots of glass and chrome, and reopened it as the Grand Hyatt. Says he: "We expected to get an average of \$38 a night. Now we get \$150."

His plushiest project so far is Trump Tower on Fifth Avenue at 56th Street. Its 68 stories of bronze and glass encase 263 condominiums that cost from \$600,000 to \$10 million each. Among the buyers: Johnny Carson, Sophia Loren, Director Steven Spielberg. Footmen in Buckingham Palace-style uniforms open doors to a lobby that is really a six-story atrium with an 80-ft. waterfall. The Trumps, including their three children, preside over



The builder with a model of his casino

A moat and drawbridge for Trump Castle.

a three-story penthouse, an exception to his longstanding rule of not living where tenants can nag him.

Along the way, Trump has understandably attracted critics, who see him as an artful maneuverer. Trump has been frustrated in his efforts to put up still another luxurious Trumpdom near Central Park. Tenants in a rent-controlled building on the site charged that he was trying to force them out by offering vacant apartments there as shelter for the homeless. City officials promptly turned down the idea. Says Philip Hess, counsel for the city's planning commission: "Whatever Donald does is absolutely designed to serve his self-interest."

Trump cannot recall ever failing at anything, nor does he even entertain the possibility. Says he: "I just have the feeling that I can do it, that I'm going to do it." By building for the rich, Trump argues, he is also revitalizing New York, and many people, including Mayor Edward Koch, agree. Plans are now beginning for the most lavish project yet: Trump Castle. Architect Philip Johnson is designing a 60-story structure complete with moat and drawbridge that is to be built on Madison Avenue at 60th Street.

—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Helen Sen Doyle/New York

Power Lunches

Dining-room one-upmanship

The scenario is almost invariably the same. A young, go-getting executive invites an important client to a business lunch, but everything goes wrong. The maître d' seats them at a table next to the kitchen. Then the executive orders what he thinks is healthful yet trendy fare: Lillet before the meal, followed by fruit salad, chicken à la king, and date-nut bread for dessert. But the executive's entrée costs him the client's respect, and worse, the deal. Reason: his food and drink give the wrong impression.

Help is on the way in the form of a new book, *Power Lunching: How You Can Profit from More Effective Business Lunch Strategy*. Written by E. Melvin Pinsel, 57, and Ligita Dienhart, 39, the book purports to instruct readers on effective business-dining strategy. In the spirit of "you are what you order," the authors divide food into two categories: power and wimp. The executive who wants to seal the deal should stick to power foods. These include London broil, bourbon and Brie cheese. Such foods are easy to eat and macho (the book applies the term to both men and women). Above all, the person who wishes to dine for success should avoid dishes that the authors label as wimpy: chicken, quiche and casseroles. They can guarantee a mailroom job and brown bags for life. A power luncher is encouraged to eat things uncooked. Raw oysters, raw meat and raw onions evoke a suitable image. Food size is equally important: "Steak is macho, and the bigger the steak, the more macho it becomes." Emulation is the ultimate in one-upmanship, since it creates a common bond with a lunch companion. "It's a very high power play to order the same thing as your guest in food or drink," write the authors.

Power Lunching began, naturally, with a conversation after lunch at The 95th restaurant in Chicago. Dienhart, head of her own public relations firm, asked Pinsel, a sales executive for Century Broadcasting, a radio-station chain, about the tricks of business lunches. Last August the pair approached Ray Strobel, president of Turnbull & Willoughby, a Chicago publisher, with a book proposal. Strobel was cool to the concept until Pinsel mentioned the words power lunch.

The book was released in early February and has already gone through three printings totaling 40,000 copies. The authors have promoted their book with personal appearances in the Northeast and the Midwest. Next on their agenda is a tour of the West Coast. In the midst of their schedule last week they took time out to power-lunch at one of their favorite restaurants, Chicago's Chez Paul. The menu consisted of sirloin steak rare, bread of duck rare, sliced tomato and raw onion with Roquefort dressing. ■

Sex Advice to the Rich Nations

Germaine Greer celebrates chastity, motherhood and family

A fellow feminist once described Germaine Greer as "a cross between Margaret Sanger and Brendan Behan." The Behan image frayed long ago. Greer, who once used to drive around with a bottle of Jack Daniel's, has tamped down her roistering and cut back on booze. And now the Sanger reference is just as dated. Her new book, *Sex and Destiny* (Harper & Row; \$19.95), is a ponderous assault on the effete West and its high-tech attempts to curb population in less-well-off countries.

As Greer sees it, the developed nations are dying, antichild civilizations, obsessed with sexual gymnastics, tainted by increasing sterility and decreasing birth rates, and intent on holding back the growth of vital, expansionist Third World cultures. She writes: "Let us be afraid of the powerful, the rich sterile nations, who... have no stake in the future." The West, she believes, is busy exporting sexual confusion and modern contraceptives to peoples who want and love children. "Another name for this kind of mental chaos," she writes, "is evil."

Greer, 45, became an international celebrity with her 1970 book, *The Female Eunuch*. That work featured a now conventional feminist thesis: women are repressed and reduced to the stereotypes of male fantasy. Greer's new work seems just as firmly postfeminist. It deals with methods of child bearing, eugenics, sterility and promiscuity. It celebrates chastity, self-control, motherhood and the extended family. Writes Greer: "Most of the pleasure in the world is still provided by children and not by genital dabbling."

She also favors natural birth-control methods: rhythm, withdrawal, abstinence and sex without intercourse. "Penetration is not necessary for sexual pleasure," she says. "Masters and Johnson have told us that a thousand times. There are all sorts of games you can play that are very much like the ones we played in the back of the Pontiac."

Some critics consider Greer more riveting as a talker than as a writer, and *Sex and Destiny* reads at times like a lurching academic monologue, filled with undeveloped points, unexplained contradictions and a few brilliant set pieces. Much of one chapter derides Western birth-control experts for "hypocrisy" and "double-think" in pushing I.U.D.s as contraceptives, when they actually produce, she says, "a 28th-day abortion" each month. Yet a few pages later she seems to favor double-think: "The most immediately useful and

effective measure would be to establish the kinds of abortion services which can masquerade as contraception."

Is there an overpopulation problem? Greer refers to "the myth of overpopulation," yet doubles back and writes: "It is quite probable that the world is overpopulated and has been for some time." Greer derides opponents of abortion as "friends of the fetus," but writes a few paragraphs later: "A ten-week fetus is not pink jelly, but only the woman who loses her baby



The author at her hillside farmhouse in Tuscany

"Most pleasure in the world is still provided by children."

spontaneously is likely to know how human the tiny creature was and to grieve for it for the rest of her life."

In an interview last week at her remote stone farmhouse near Cortona, Italy, Greer offered the odd explanation that her sympathetic reference to the ten-week-old fetus applied to miscarriages and not to abortions. "I'm referring to a woman who loses her baby without wanting to," said Greer. "If you lose your baby, you actually see it, its little hands and feet. But if you have it taken away by the doctor, you never get to see it."

Attempting to clarify her views on overpopulation, she said, "I don't know if there are too many people in the world,

but I know there are too many of us [in the rich nations]. It doesn't matter if we have fewer children. We still use up 75% of the world's goods. The rest of the world slaves to keep this huge white man warm and comfortable." She argues that Westerners should not intervene in Third World affairs: "It is not our business. People have to discover for themselves that their fertility is overexercised. Every time we mess around, we produce the opposite effect."

She is angry that the Pill, shunned by many Western women for its side effects, is pushed upon the Third World, along with I.U.D.s. Women in less developed nations "think the I.U.D. works like magic and stops the evil spirits from crossing the threshold. Bull. It makes the womb a toxic sink, creating massive infection cells, according to the FDA [Food and Drug Administration].* Who wants a womb like that? Yuk."

Some other Greer dicta:

- ▶ "The next great wave of feminism will come from the Islamic world... from intelligent women who have something that we do not: female co-operation and female collectivism."
- ▶ "Heterosexuality has become a rather sorry affair. It was sorry in 1966. It is sorer today."
- ▶ One sign that the U.S. will die out is that it is "becoming a geriatric society, headed by a geriatric President."
- ▶ American feminists are obsessively interested in careers for women. "Anyone can have the key to the executive washroom, but once a woman gets inside, what is there? A lavatory."
- ▶ "The way most abortion clinics are run is very antiwoman. They are run by men for profit."
- ▶ Benefits for the elderly in the West are excessive. "Why should everyone be working their tits off to keep these old people going?"

Greer, who was once married for three weeks, has had several miscarriages and two abortions, and is childless. Her writings are sprinkled with fond references to children, although, typically, she is capable of heaving a grenade even at this favorite subject.

"Children are the enemy of concentration," she once said. "You cannot think in a child's company... perhaps a padded cell for the child is the only answer." Is the book partly the result of her longing for marriage and family? "I'm not sorry about anything or glad about anything," she answered. "I'm Hindu in that respect. I've done my job as well as I could do it. I would have made a horrid mother. I can imagine that I would have had a single, bemused homosexual son whom I dragged around the world and treated as a lady's companion. No, all is as it should be." —By John Leo.

Reported by Mary Cronin/Cortona

*An FDA spokesman said last week that 2 million U.S. women wear I.U.D.s, but that only a "very small number" will develop an infection.

Introducing the

The new Honda Civic Wagon has many advantages. Some obvious. Like its added roominess and new aerodynamic profile. And some not as obvious. In back, for example, we have hidden two secret compartments. One is under the floor.



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The Civic Wagon



Computers

COVER STORY

The Wizard Inside The Machines

Software is the magic carpet to the future

*Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."*

Hardware or software? the child of today's computer age might ask. His world is divided into two parts: hardware, the machinery that makes up a computer, and software, the programs of instructions that tell computers what to do. And while the hardware is visible and tangible, the child knows that software is the soul of the machine. Without software, a computer is little more than a hunk of plastic and silicon that might as well be used as a doorstop. A computer without software is like a car without gasoline, a camera without film, a stereo without records. This year Americans will spend an estimated \$65 billion on computers of all kinds. They will lay down an additional \$16.2 billion for the software that makes the machines do their magic.

Until a few years ago, software was used almost exclusively to operate the big, impersonal mainframe computers, which were isolated in air-conditioned rooms behind glass partitions. The software for these giant machines is still in place, keeping track of long-distance telephone calls, calculating interest on bank accounts, and sending out fund-raising letters for presidential candidates. But the rapid spread of personal computers has put software directly into people's hands. In fact, savvy specialists tell computer buyers first to find the software they want to use and only then to buy the machine that runs the software.

Today computer buffs are using software in more innovative ways. In addition to doing such mundane tasks as sorting, cataloging and calculating, a host of new programs are helping make people's lives easier. Some examples:

The Rev. David Nicholas, pastor of the Spanish River Presbyterian Church in Boca Raton, Fla., writes the outlines of his sermons with the help of a program called Super SCRIPST on one of his parish's two Radio Shack computers. Thomas Birr, the church's business administrator, uses two titles from the CompuChurch line, the Gift Program to record donations and the Shepherd's

Program to keep track of the talents and special interests of every member in the church's congregation. Says Birr: "If I need a soccer-league coach, all I have to do is ask the computer to give me a list of all male members between the ages of 18 and 50 with an interest in sports."

Amateur Astronomer George Litsios of Closter, N.J., owns a telescope that he keeps pointed toward the heavens from under a skylight in his attic. But these days he spends more time watching a computer screen displaying a TellStar program, made by Scharf Software Systems of Boulder, Colo. With the help of the software, Litsios, 52, created a graphic representation of the heavens just the way they appear from his backyard by simply typing in the time, date and geographic coordinates of his suburban home. Now he can ask the program to identify a heavenly body that he has seen in the sky. Says Litsios: "This has really expanded my field of vision. I saw more in the six weeks after I got TellStar than I had in the six years before that."

The Bide-a-Wee animal shelter in New York City is using a program called Choose-a-Pooch, which helps match potential owners with homeless mongrels. Devised by Randy Lockwood, 35, an assistant psychology professor at the Stony Brook campus of the State University of New York, Choose-a-Pooch catalogues the temperaments and needs of 120 breeds, to indicate how a particular dog would fit with a prospective owner.

At the six restaurants and bars in Washington's Watergate Hotel, microCELLARMASTER monitors the supply of 80,000 bottles of wine, liquor and soft drinks. The result: more efficient inventory management. Explains Susan Conti, a secretary who uses the software: "It makes it easier to change wine lists because we can look up prices at a touch on the computer."

Most of the software being sold today still goes into mainframe computers used by corporations or the Government. Banks, airlines and other major data processors last year purchased or leased \$11.6 billion worth of programs, according to Input, a market-research firm in Mountain View, Calif. Traditionally,



mainframe software is leased, not sold, so the company that developed it can maintain control. The lease of a single program to keep track of banking transactions, for example, can cost as much as \$200,000 a year.

But the real excitement in the industry is software for personal computers. While only \$260 million worth was sold as recently as 1980, sales this year are expected to reach \$1.5 billion. And by 1989 revenues could exceed \$6 billion. At least 1,000 companies are making programs. Microsoft, located in Bellevue, Wash. (pop. 75,000), near Seattle, is the largest. In 1980 it sold \$4 million worth of software; projected 1984 revenues are \$100 million. William Gates, 28, Microsoft's chairman and co-founder, has amassed a personal fortune estimated at \$100 million.

No one knows for sure how many programs actually exist; estimates range from 8,000 to 40,000. In fact, a mini-industry



has grown up to keep track of the titles. Stewart Brand, the counterculture publisher of the *Whole Earth Catalog*, will come out with the *Whole Earth Software Catalog* this fall. *Billboard* magazine charts the progress of hot-selling software just the way it does that of Michael Jackson records.

Indeed, the software field has taken on many of the characteristics of the pop-music business. If a new product flops, manufacturers can quickly go from boom to bust. Programmers, the people who write software, can find themselves millionaires at 20 but has-beens at 30. So-called pirates are stealing millions of dollars' worth of programs by copying them illegally.

Manufacturers of popular software are becoming industry superstars. The heads of software companies, like Microsoft's Gates, Lotus Development's Mitchell Kapor and Software Publishing's Fred Gibbons are wooed by hardware companies, which want them to produce pro-

grams that will run on their machines. Says Gibbons: "Control of the personal-computer industry is shifting from the hardware manufacturers to the software suppliers."

Primitive forms of software first appeared 150 years ago. Charles Babbage, a mathematics professor at Cambridge University who also invented the speedometer and the locomotive cowcatcher, in 1834 designed a machine called the analytical engine to solve mathematical equations; it is generally considered the forerunner of today's computers. Augusta Ada, the Countess of Lovelace, daughter of the poet Lord Byron, helped finance the project. Credited with being the world's first programmer, she used punched cards to tell the machine what to do. The idea was inspired by the cards used on Jacquard looms to determine the designs in cloth. Said she: "The analytical engine weaves algebraic

patterns just as the Jacquard loom weaves flowers and leaves."

The analytical engine was hopelessly complicated for its time and was never completed. But 117 years later, punched cards that were not to be folded, spindled or mutilated became the heart of software technology. In 1951 the U.S. Census Bureau used punched cards for UNIVAC I, the first commercial computer.

The cards, though, are virtually gone. Various kinds of software now give instructions to computers. Systems software controls the parts of a computer, including the video screen, the central processing unit and the disc drives, and makes them work together. Though sold under obscure brand names like CP/M, MS-DOS and UNIX, systems software for personal computers can be highly profitable, and last year sales totaled \$500 million.

A heated competition is currently going on among systems-software producers. Digital Research of Pacific Grove,

Computers

She gets credit for coining the name of a ubiquitous computer phenomenon: the bug. In August 1945, while she and some associates were working at Harvard on an experimental machine called the Mark I, a circuit malfunctioned. A researcher using tweezers located and removed the problem: a 2-in.-long moth. Hopper taped the offending insect into her logbook. Says she: "From then on, when anything went wrong with a computer, we said it had bugs in it." (The moth is still under tape along with records of the experiment at the U.S. Naval Surface Weapons Center in Dahlgren, Va.)

Users of personal computers are more concerned with a different kind of software: applications programs, which keep the family budget, help with students' homework, play computer games or do financial planning. These programs usually come on a so-called floppy disc, a piece of plastic about the size of a 45-r.p.m. record. They can also be on magnetic tape or a silicon chip inside a cartridge. Sales of applications software for personal computers last year totaled \$560 million.

The most popular programs are used by individuals to improve the speed and quality of their work. Example: text-editing software, which allows someone to write and correct manuscripts without needless retyping. Products for business uses, like accounting software, are second in sales, followed by entertainment and

which already includes nearly 3,000 titles. Says Chairman David Wagman: "The demand is colossal." Anyone who visits a computer store, looks in a catalogue or picks up one of the many computer magazines is confronted by a stunning but often confusing array of products. Some of the newest titles:

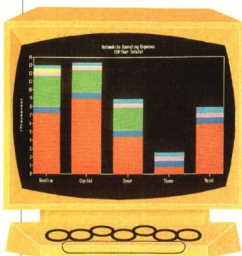
Wills (\$49). One of four programs in the Personal Lawyer series produced by Lassen Software of Chico, Calif., this software package offers individuals with a simple estate a quick way to draw up a will without an attorney's help. The program poses questions in plain English (sample: "Do you wish to leave any part of your estate to your college?"), waits until the user types in the answers and then leads him through the process of drawing up the document. Written by a lawyer who specializes in wills, the program satisfies the probate requirements of every state except Louisiana, which has a legal system based on the ancient Napoleonic Code.

Millionaire (\$69.95). Marketed by Blue Chip Software of Woodland Hills, Calif., this program is used in a dozen colleges and high schools to teach students how the stock market works. At the start of each game, a player is given \$10,000 and is then required to make investment decisions based on a continuous stream of financial information, such as market changes and other business developments. The player wins by amassing \$1 million in theoretical profits; he loses when he goes broke.

Math Maze (\$39.95). This program by Designware of San Francisco drills children ages 6 to 11 on basic mathematical skills. A player is given a problem and then must guide a fly through a maze until he finds the right answer. If the player hesitates in making a decision, the number-seeking fly will be eaten by a hungry spider.

As programs have become more plentiful, the titles have become more specialized. Flight Simulator helps train would-be pilots to land an airplane; Pole Position lets living-room auto racers drive a road course; Stallion keeps the bloodlines of horses straight by tracking their ancestry; Beefup helps breeders fatten their cattle by keeping track of their weight and breeding; Sex-O-Scope gives astrological predictions; Relax attacks stress while monitoring muscle tension through electric sensors in a headband; Bearings helps ham radio operators plot transmission distances; Hurricane aids meteorologists in tracking storms.

To computer buffs, this vast selection represents the fulfillment of the computer age's promise. Says Ernest Baxter, managing editor of *Personal Software* magazine: "Put the right kind of software into a computer, and it will do whatever you want it to. There may be limits on what

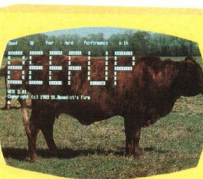


1-2-3 turns a stack of numbers into a chart

Calif., created the first popular one, CP/M, but it has been supplanted by MS-DOS, which was developed by Microsoft for the IBM Personal Computer. In addition, AT&T is promoting UNIX, a system particularly efficient at performing several different tasks at once and communicating with other computers.

The machines can receive instructions only in a series of 1s and 0s. In order to make it easier for people to communicate with the machines, scientists have developed programming languages that translate commands into 1s and 0s. There are more than a dozen software languages, each designed for different kinds of users and applications. The first widely accepted one, FORTRAN (FORmula TRANslation), was developed in 1956 by a team at IBM. It is used primarily on scientific and mathematical problems. BASIC (Beginner's All-purpose Symbolic Instruction Code), which was written by Dartmouth Professors John G. Kemeny and Thomas E. Kurtz, is well suited for relatively simple personal-computer programs. It is widely taught in high schools and colleges, and even in some elementary schools, because it is easy to learn and use. More difficult to master, but more precise, is Pascal, named for the 17th century French mathematician. The language Ada, after the Countess of Lovelace, is the standard of the U.S. Department of Defense. Grace Hopper, one of the pioneer programmers, created COBOL (COmmon Business-Oriented Language), which is the most widely used programming language for mainframe computers.

Now 77, Hopper works at the U.S. Navy's computer center in Washington. Since the 1982 retirement of Admiral Hyman Rickover at 82, Commodore Hopper is the Navy's oldest officer on active duty.



Beefup tracks a herd's feeding and breeding

education programs. While hardware manufacturers such as IBM, Tandy and Apple are the biggest sellers of applications software, Microsoft, Lotus Development of Cambridge, Mass., and other independent companies are increasing their share of the market.

About 7,000 stores in the U.S. sell applications software. Softsel, the largest distributor to retail stores, adds about 200 new products a month to its catalogue,

you can do with the machines themselves, but there are no limits on what you can do with software."

Despite the multiplying uses, software is sometimes forbidding to the novice computer operator. Instructions can be so complicated that they require hours of study and practice before the programs can be operated with ease. Says Alfred Glossbrenner, author of *How to Buy Software*: "If there is any single factor that could kill off the computer boom, it is the lack of complete, easily understood instructions."

Martin Dean, 43, president of Select Information Systems of Kentfield, Calif., has drawn up a consumer's bill of rights to combat hard-to-use software. "The only conclusion I can draw from the way some software packages operate," he argues, "is that their designers really think that you

themselves as "computer nerds."

A few are as reclusive as Garbo or J.D. Salinger. Paul Lutus, 38, lived in a cabin high on Oregon's Eight Dollar Mountain when he wrote *Apple Writer*, an early word-processing program. Lutus, the author of several other bestsellers, was forced to rig up a 1,200-ft. extension cord in order to get enough power for his Apple computer.

The earliest application programs were developed by personal-computer hobbyists and were freely traded much as housewives swap favorite recipes. The authors were often more interested in displaying their work than in earning money from the programs. Copies were readily made and duplicated given away at computer-club meetings. As recently as 1980, software was still something of a cottage industry, with programs packaged in plastic bags and sold through the mail.

Independent programmers operate much like authors, selling their software to publishers in return for a percentage of the sales. About 50 of these freelance programmers have earned more than \$500,000 each. Several have become stars in the software constellation and are referred to by their colleagues in awe as "demon coders." To computer hobbyists, their names are as well known as their popular programs.

Among the most prominent is Bill Budge, 28, who has written two of the industry's biggest entertainment hits: *Raster Blast*, a computerized pinball game, and *Pinball Construction Set*, a program that allows players to custom-build their own video pinball machine. He earned \$500,000 in 1982 and resides in a \$240,000 eight-room house with a spectacular view of San Francisco Bay. Budge, though, does not spend his day admiring the scenery. Most of the time he is down in the yellow-walled basement, swigging cans of Coke while hunched over a computer.

The proliferating number of software



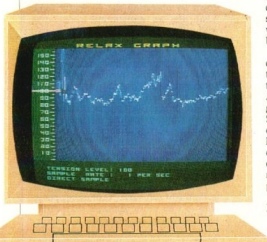
Pole Position lets players drive a racing car

titles means that it is harder to strike it rich quickly. Says Ron Fisher, vice president of VisiCorp in San Jose, Calif.: "There is now a surfeit of good people with good programs." Independent programmers once received royalties as high as 37% of the wholesale price, but their commissions have slid to an average of about 10%. Concur's Gibbons of Software Publishing: "The days of giant royalty payments are gone for good."

With rare exceptions, so has the eminence of the solitary programmer. Much of the latest personal-computer software is too complicated to be written by any individual. MSA, the big Atlanta software firm, uses at least eight people to complete a business program and sometimes as many as 24.

As software grows ever more complex, it becomes harder for companies to produce error-free programs on schedule. The appearance of Apple's new Macintosh computer was delayed for two years primarily because of software problems. In late 1982 VisiCorp announced that a new software product called *Visi On*, which allows the operator to run and display several different business programs simultaneously, would be on sale by the summer of 1983. After spending \$12 million on development, VisiCorp was unable to get it to stores until December. By then, the software had lost some of its technological edge. To remain competitive, the price of the product had to be cut from \$495 to \$95 after just a month on the market.

One of the hardest things to comprehend about software, at least for consumers, is the price. While the cost of making a floppy disc and the packaging runs only about \$4 to \$7, the software sells for much more. A data management program like *dBase II* costs \$700, while *Micro/Scan II*, a stock-analysis program, can be as much as \$12,500. Even a popular educational product like *Bank Street Writer* has an undiscounted price of \$69.95, and a program to teach a preschooler the alphabet can be \$40.



Relax soothes nerves by measuring tension

will be happy spending nights and weekends figuring out how to make the products work."

Even the instruction manuals provided to help users over the difficult first steps can range from barely acceptable to awful. Such bestselling programs as *WordStar*, for writing and editing, and *dBase II*, which helps organize business records, originally had terrible manuals, although the manufacturers have just issued improved instructions. Some software, including both *WordStar* and *dBase II*, now contains tutorial discs that show novices how to use the programs in a simple, step-by-step fashion.

Some of the idiosyncrasies of software can be traced to the people who create it. Writing software is often a solitary occupation, especially for specialized programs with limited markets. A programmer can frequently spend 18 hours a day at a terminal working on a difficult problem. That fanaticism allows very little time for ordinary human pursuits; programmers often wryly characterize

players to custom-build their own video pinball machine. He earned \$500,000 in 1982 and resides in a \$240,000 eight-room house with a spectacular view of San Francisco Bay. Budge, though, does not spend his day admiring the scenery. Most of the time he is down in the yellow-walled basement, swigging cans of Coke while hunched over a computer.

The proliferating number of software

CompuChurch records contributions and gifts



Forty Days and Forty Nights

When Michael Wise sits down at a keyboard, he never knows when he will get up. The plump, bearded computer programmer often works twelve, 24, even 36 hours without a break, filling a green screen at the San Rafael, Calif., offices of Broderbund Software with words and numbers that only he and his computer completely understand. Since December, Wise has written 40,000 lines of instructions for a video game he calls *Captain Goodnight*, after the old *Captain Midnight* radio series. By the time the program is ready for release this summer, it will have grown to 50,000 lines and swallowed up some 900 hours of programming time, or nearly 40 days and 40 nights.

The lines of code Wise types into his Apple IIe may look like a meaningless string of letters and numbers, but they are the crucial link between computers and the people who use them. At the heart of every machine are thousands of on-off switches. Wise's 64K Apple has 524,288. Software tells the switches when to turn on and off, and those switches control the machine.

Wise's first task in writing his program was to create the objects displayed on the screen. These are actually just patterns of colored dots, with each dot controlled by an individual on-off switch. Wise sketched the images on an electronic drawing



Michael Wise and a screen from *Captain Goodnight*

tablet that translated his lines into patterns of ones and zeros, where one represents a dot of color and zero a blank space. The image of *Captain Goodnight's* airplane is stored in the computer as a list of 798 zeros and ones that look like this: 11111100 00000001 10000000 . . .

After the objects were drawn, Wise began creating a series of small, self-contained miniprograms called subroutines. One subroutine, for example, moves the captain's jet. Another controls the enemy planes. A third fires a missile. In all, the finished program will have 400 different subroutines. Wise writes it one subroutine at a time, making sure that each new one works before continuing. A typical section of coding reads:

```
EMIS-HIT? LDA JETY
          SBC EMISY
          CMP #10
          BGE EMISEXIT
PLAYR-HIT? LDA #01
          STA JETCOND
```

Those commands tell the computer to determine the jet's altitude (JETY) and subtract the altitude of the enemy missile (EMISY). If the result is ten or more, the two objects have missed each other. If it is less than ten, the program puts one in a special switch called JETCOND that sends the jet into a flaming crash.

As the pieces of the program fall together, their interrelationship becomes maddeningly complex. Even one letter misplaced in 10,000 lines of code is enough to throw the whole program out of kilter. At one stage in the game's development, the computer had the captain walking in mid-air because one subroutine was inadvertently modifying another subroutine's instructions. "I almost went blind trying to find that bug," Wise recalls.

Wise has been dabbling in software since the age of 14, when he learned FORTRAN on an IBM at Stewart Junior High School in Tacoma, Wash. He dissected nearly every radio and television set in the house and then skipped college to take a series of odd jobs on the periphery of the computer world. He repaired videogame machines, Xerox machines and personal computers, and at one time ran the ComputerLand store in Renton, Wash. In 1979, convinced that there were fortunes to be made, he bought an Apple II Plus and began churning out video games, working as a building manager by day and programming at night.

Wise still does his best work at night. Every evening after dinner he picks up where he left off at work. "My wife is a computer widow," he confesses. During the past month, he has been working until dawn with increasing regularity. "When I'm done, we're taking a vacation," says the 29-year-old programmer. "I'm almost getting too old for this."

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt

The enormous disparity between manufacturing costs and selling price has led some users to accuse software makers of arbitrarily raising prices. In their defense, program producers contend that they are merely covering their costs of development and distribution, as well as providing profit for themselves and a reasonable markup for retailers. As in any new and fast-growing field, the competition that will force manufacturers to price products more realistically has not yet developed. When it does, the cost of software is likely to fall, perhaps sharply.

Adam Osborne, founder of Osborne Computer, now operating in bankruptcy after a couple of go-go years, charges that "marketing hype" has caused some prices to quintuple. Osborne has formed a new company called Paperback Software International, which will sell programs for about \$50. He expects to keep prices down by operating the company somewhat like an agricultural cooperative, with software writers being given stock in the firm, and by mass marketing.

In part because software is often so expensive, copying it has become popular. Computer, now operating in bankruptcy after a couple of go-go years, charges that "marketing hype" has caused some prices to quintuple. Osborne has formed a new company called Paperback Software International, which will sell programs for about \$50. He expects to keep prices down by operating the company somewhat like an agricultural cooperative, with software writers being given stock in the firm, and by mass marketing.

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Pirate or thief, one high school student in Alpine, N.J., interviewed by TIME is typical. The 15-year-old sophomore owns an Apple IIe computer and augments his allowance of \$10 a week by bootlegging software. He buys a game like Commodore's *Omega Race* for \$29.95, copies it onto a blank disc that costs him about \$3 and sells it to his buddies for \$10. "It's really simple," says the boy. "Nothing's easier than copying software."

All software, even the systems software inside the computer, can be protected by copyright, but that does not stop dedicated pirates. Ric Giardina, general counsel of MicroPro, which publishes WordStar, estimates that as many as 20 fraudulent copies of a program may be made for every one sold. Manufacturers are aggressively defending their products. In February Lotus Development sued Rixon, a Silver Spring, Md., computer-accessory manufacturer, for \$10 million, charging it made copies of Lotus' popular business program 1-2-3 for its own use. Declared Lotus President Kapor: "Software piracy is the theft of intellectual property." When the suit was settled in March, Rixon agreed to return all unauthorized copies to Lotus and pay an undisclosed sum of money.

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Computers

Game manufacturers have probably been hardest hit by piracy. Says Michael Katz, president of Epyx, a California company: "It's like the weather. We accept it as something we cannot control but wish we could. Any smart kid can figure out how to break into a game." Some companies plot profits around the safeguards built into the software; once the pirates have cracked the codes, sales quickly fall off. No one in the industry can accurately estimate the extent of the copyright theft involving games.

The most dangerous potential threat to American software manufacturers, surprisingly, has not materialized. While the Japanese are making initial forays into the hardware side of personal computers in the U.S., the only major Japanese software export hits have been games like Pac-Man and Donkey Kong. Concedes Hisao Ishihara, managing director of the Japan Software Industry Association in Tokyo, which represents nearly 200 companies: "The number and variety of Japanese products are indeed behind American ones, and our industry will have to work hard to correct this."

Until recently, there was little incentive for the Japanese to develop a software industry of their own. Software was usually custom designed by computer manufacturers and included in the price of the machine. Hardware engineers were granted higher pay and had more status than software designers. Language and culture also presented formidable barriers to Japanese software makers trying to penetrate the U.S. market. In developing tax-computation programs, for example, it is not easy for computer experts in Tokyo to try to keep up with legal changes in the U.S., some 5,000 miles away.

The Japanese, however, have come up with an innovative move that may help them crack the U.S. software market. Kazuhiko ("Kay") Nishi, 28, president of Microsoft Far East, the U.S. company's sales agent for Japan, has developed MSX, a standardized hardware and software system for small personal computers. The norms have been generally adopted by 35 companies, which include such big-name Japanese brands as Sony, Panasonic, Sanyo and Toshiba; Philips of The Netherlands has also joined up. The MSX system is designed to permit programs written for one computer to run on all of them. The machines built to the MSX specifications will be unveiled in the U.S. later this year. Some computers will come equipped with high-quality printers and sell for less than \$1,000, making them highly competitive with American products. If these machines are successful, they could create a market for Japanese software.

Japan is fighting American software on another front. The powerful Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) wants to see software treated as industrial property covered by patent law, which allows for only 15 years of protection. The U.S. Government argues that

BEST SELLERS



Name	Program	Price	Can be used on
Flight Simulator II	Strategy	\$49.95	1
Ultima III	Fantasy	54.95	1,2
Lode Runner	Action	34.95	1,2,3,4,11
Zork I	Adventure	39.95	1,2,4,5,6,7
Zork II	Adventure	39.95	1,2,3,4,5,6,7



Name	Program	Price	Can be used on
Dollars & Sense	Home budgeting	\$100	1,4
Bank St. Writer	Word processing	69.95	1,2,3,4
The Home Acct.	Home budgeting	74.95	1,2,3,4,7,8
HomeWord	Word processing	49.95	1,3
Tax Advantage	Tax assistance	59.95	1,2,3,4,7



Name	Program	Price	Can be used on
Master Type	Typing instruction	\$39.95	1,2,3,4
Math Buster!	Math skills (6-12 yrs.)	49.95	1,3,4
Word Attack!	Vocabulary skills	49.95	1,3,4
Type Attack!	Typing instruction	39.95	1,2,3,4,11
PC Tutor	Computer instruction	59.95	3,4,7



Name	Program	Price	Can be used on
1-2-3	Information management	\$495	4,6,7,9,10
PFS: File	Filing system	125-175	1,4,7
dBase II	Data-base system	700	1,4,5,6,7,9
Tax Preparer	Tax preparation	225	1,4
PFS: Write	Word processing	125	1,4

1.Apple, 2.Atari, 3.Commodore 64, 4.IBM, 5.CP/M, 6.DEC Rainbow, 7.Texas Instruments Professional, 8.TRS-80, 9.Victor 9000, 10.Wang PC, 11.Commodore Vic-20

Source: Softsel Hot List, week of April 9

software is intellectual property and should be protected for up to 50 years under copyright treaties. MITI is also pushing for an arbitration system, in which software developers could be legally obliged to make certain products available to competitors if the product is considered "highly useful to the public interest." U.S. officials are extremely wary of the arbitration proposal, and negotiations are stalemated.

While software industry growth remains steep, development and marketing costs are climbing. One of the firms hit hardest is VisiCorp, which rose to early industry leadership as the distributor of VisiCalc, the business planning program that is still the all-time bestseller, with more than 700,000 copies sold. But VisiCalc has been surpassed by newer programs like Microsoft's Multiplan, and sales are lagging. At the same time, VisiCorp has been burdened with the development woes of its elaborate Visi On program. VisiCorp is also engaged in a messy court battle with Software Arts of Wellesley, Mass., the company that actually wrote VisiCalc. Last September VisiCorp sued Software Arts for \$60 million, charging that the creators had failed to keep the program up to date. Software Arts in February filed a counterclaim, arguing that it wanted all the rights to VisiCalc returned because VisiCorp had broken a marketing agreement.

Companies that make entertainment software for personal computers have suffered setbacks during the past year. Too many firms entered the field too quickly, and customers are becoming more discriminating about the programs they buy. Sirius Software of Sacramento, Calif., maker of the hit Type Attack, in 1983 issued three or four new games every month. This year, however, it will not introduce a new one until next month, and since October it has laid off 15 of its 35-member staff.

Some game companies have tried to insulate themselves from the crush by producing educational programs, but they are running into competition from specialized firms like the Learning Company. Founded in 1979 by Ann Piestrup, a former Roman Catholic nun and an educational psychologist, the company has been partly financed by a grant from the National Institute of Education. In January it unveiled five new programs, including ReaderRabbit: Fabulous Word Factory, which develops reading skills for children ages five to seven.

As the software business gets bigger, the cost of admission is going up. Lotus Development set new industry standards by spending \$6 million on the development and advertising of 1-2-3. Last month Ashton-Tate announced Framework, a new business program, and the company figures its introduction will cost \$10 million. "The investment in market-

ing is ratcheting up higher and higher," says Julian Lange, president of Software Arts. "It's become difficult for two guys in an attic to launch a product like VisiCalc."

To increase their visibility, software companies have begun using a time-tested sales technique: celebrity endorsements. Electronic Arts has put out a computer basketball game featuring a match-up between Larry Bird and Julius Erving. Micro Education Corp. of America in Westport, Conn., is beginning to introduce programs that carry the names of well-known writers: Andrew Tobias' *Managing Your Money* (\$199.95) and James F. Fixx's *The Running Program* (\$79.95). Both Tobias and Fixx say they helped develop the software, though neither is a programmer.

Some major corporations with only scant connection to high technology are getting into the software business. Late last year McKesson, the drug and healthcare giant (1983 sales: \$4 billion), acquired a half interest in SKU, a software distributor. Both CBS and Warner Communications have started software units. Also investigating or developing their own software are publishing houses (Simon & Schuster and Random House), toy firms (Fisher-Price and Parker Bros.), and movie companies (United Artists, MCA, Walt Disney and Lucasfilm). But small firms seem to do best in the innovative world of applications programs. Cautions Software Publishing's Fred Gibbons, who



The first programmer: Countess Lovelace

runs one of the fastest-growing companies: "Being big does not help you become good in the software business."

All the firms in the field are now reaching out to discover even more inventive ways to put computers to work. At times the future seems so vast that even industry leaders are amazed by its potential. Says Microsoft Programmer Charles Simonyi: "It's hard to describe how wonderful software will be. There will be a tremendous amount of simulation. You will be able to inspect or take apart anything you want on a computer. You will

be able to simulate a journey on the space shuttle or a trip to Paris. You will not just be able to shop from home, you will be able to look through a catalogue, take an item and then inspect it from different angles and really take it apart."

One of the hottest developments in programming is integrated software, pioneered by Lotus Development with 1-2-3. Integrated software permits an individual to perform several different tasks with the same program. Someone using a computer to keep track of the family budget, for example, could classify his expenses into a variety of categories, see how the budget might change if, say, interest rates went down and then look at a chart that represents how his money is being spent. All that can be done with just a few keystrokes in less than a minute. In February, Lotus Development launched an expanded version called Symphony, which allows the same kind of information to be inserted into a letter or other document, which can either be printed out or be sent electronically over phone wires to another computer.

Some integrated software, like Symphony, can simultaneously display different programs on a computer screen in separate sections or windows. This allows someone to work on one part of a task while having other parts of it displayed in front of him. Such window programs are expected to become increasingly popular in the next year.

Future software is likely to be much easier to use—if manufacturers master

A Hard-Core Technoid

He looks like an undernourished grad student as he waits for a plane at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport. His gray sweater has patches on the elbows; his shoes are scuffed; his ginger hair flops over a pair of steel-framed glasses. He fidgets with a thick pile of papers that contain preliminary sketches for a new portable computer and technical details for silicon chips that will be used in machines of the late 1980s. The tag on his battered black suitcase reads "William H. Gates, Chief Executive Officer and Chairman of the Board, Microsoft."

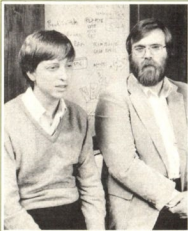
Gates, 28, has helped catapult Microsoft to the forefront of the software industry, and his list of customers includes every major manufacturer of personal computers. When IBM wanted an operating system for its Personal Computer, it turned to Gates. When Apple needed software for its Macintosh, it gave Microsoft a test model to use in writing the programs. Gates helped with the design of Radio Shack's Model 100, the first truly portable computer. Microsoft produced the MSX systems software that will be used for a new series of Japanese computers. Thanks to that business (and more), Gates, who owns almost half of the privately held company, has become America's software tycoon.

The son of a prominent Seattle lawyer, Gates has spent most of his life

around computers. He initially encountered them as a seventh-grader in 1967 when the proceeds from a mothers' club rummage sale were used to buy a machine for Seattle's Lakeside School. Gates devised a class-scheduling program so that he could take courses with the prettiest girls. Recalls Lakeside Math Teacher Fred Wright: "Bill had the ability to see shortcuts."

Teaming up with Paul Allen, a friend and schoolmate, Gates formed a pint-size company, Traf-O-Data, that studied traffic patterns for small towns near Seattle. When he was 15 and a tenth-grader, the company grossed \$20,000. Says Gates in his characteristic computerspeak: "I was a hard-core technoid." He temporarily abandoned computers for a year in the early 1970s for such nontechnical pursuits as acting in the school play, but he did not lose his touch for making money. While he was working as a congressional page in 1972, he and a friend snapped up 5,000 McGovern-Eagleton campaign buttons for a nickel each just after South Dakota's George McGovern dumped Missouri Senator Thomas Eagleton from the Democratic ticket. They later sold the scarce mementos for as much as \$25 each.

After the first microprocessor was introduced in 1972, Gates and Allen tried to build a personal computer, but eventually decided to stick with software. Says Allen: "Building a machine was too hair raising." In 1975, when Gates was in a pre-law program at Harvard, Allen persuaded



Gates and Microsoft Co-Founder Paul Allen

the art of writing intelligible instructions. Many basic programs will probably be available as part of the computer instead of being sold separately. When software is built in, it is faster to use. Several popular lap-size computers, such as Radio Shack's Model 100 and the Workslate from Convergent Technologies, already have built-in software like text editing and financial planning.

There is one drawback to built-in software: a user cannot easily replace an outdated program with a newer one when it is built in. However, silicon chips known as EPROMS (electrically erasable, programmable, read-only memory), which can be electronically erased and then reprogrammed, have already begun to reach the market.

Software under development will help link up groups of personal computers to a central computer, thus allowing data to be freely exchanged among them. Other new software will help speed communication between machines. By connecting computers with a video-disc machine, which can store on a single platter all the information in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the amount of data quickly available to the user is greatly increased. In June, Digital Research will introduce a product that will make this possible.

To reach a truly mass audience, however, software producers will have to achieve a major technological break-



Creator of a language: Commodore Hopper

through. Instead of typing often incomprehensible combinations of symbols, letters, numbers and code words, users should be able to give commands to their computers in plain English. That is no simple task. Language by its very nature does not have the mathematical precision that computers deal with so well. English syntax, in particular, is irregular and hard to codify, and many words have several different meanings. Computers, despite their complexity, are not as subtle as the human brain in understanding and interpreting instructions.

This is where artificial intelligence comes into play. Artificial intelligence is computer programming that makes computers simulate human reasoning. If machines can be made more like people, then people will not have to obey so rigidly the dictates of machines. A program called Intellect, introduced last month for IBM computers, permits a business executive to get information from a computer by giving simple, direct commands—for example, Give me last week's sales report. The development of this kind of software is extremely complex, however, and the programs require extremely powerful machines. It will be several years before artificial-intelligence software is widely available.

Since the invention of the primitive hand ax, humanity has turned to tools as a way of making life easier or work more productive. "Man is a tool-using animal," wrote the 19th century Scottish historian and essayist Thomas Carlyle. "Without tools he is nothing, with tools he is all." Computer software is only the latest of those tools, and programmers are only beginning to understand the true potential of software. Says Dan Bricklin, chairman of Software Arts: "We're just really getting started. I think that you will see programs coming along in the next few years that will make the current ones look like the stone axes of computing."

—By Alexander L. Taylor III
Reported by Michael Moritz/San Francisco and Peter Stoler/Boston

him to help adapt the computer language BASIC to run on the Altair, the first commercially available microcomputer. Gates and Allen spent six weeks writing a version of the language on a Harvard computer. Then, despite his parents' objections, Gates dropped out of Harvard. He recalls, "Paul kept saying, 'Let's start a company. Let's do it.'"

In 1978 Microsoft had just 15 employees. Today it has 510 and sells 29 products, including computer languages like COBOL and FORTRAN, devices that permit computers to run programs originally designed for different machines, and software programs for such tasks as text editing and financial planning. Microsoft last year announced plans to sell a package called Windows that will enable different programs to run on a computer simultaneously.

Although Gates and Allen agree on most things, they have differed strongly about prices. Allen prefers to charge what the market will bear on the ground that people are willing to pay top dollar for good products, while Gates wants "to sell a lot at a low price." The chairman generally gets his way.

Last year Allen discovered he was suffering from cancer. Though the illness is in remission, he is only now returning to full-time work as a company vice president. To ease his work load, as well as to shore up Microsoft's managerial team, Gates has recruited executives from other companies. James Towne was hired from Tektronix, an electronic instruments maker, to become president, but he lasted

less than a year. Last August, Towne was succeeded by Jon Shirley, 45, a former Tandy vice president.

Towne's departure was due in part to Gates' sometimes prickly and abrupt style. He reportedly has a sharp temper. Says Charles Simonyi, 35, a Microsoft programmer: "Bill isn't going to explain everything twice."

Gates and Shirley are naturally concerned about maintaining Microsoft's success. The company had a jolt in January, when IBM announced that it would buy a version of UNIX, another operating system, from one of Microsoft's competitors.

That could cut into sales of the MS-DOS system; it also was a warning that Gates and his colleagues should not rely too heavily on IBM.

Though Gates no longer does programming, he has little time for anything but business. Says he: "I'm still fairly hard-core." Once or twice a week he finds time to see his current girlfriend, Jill Bennett, 27, who sells computers for Digital Equipment. In the past six years he has taken only 15 days' vacation, four of them at a Phoenix tennis ranch in 1982. His \$750,000 home, which is just a 14-minute drive from Microsoft headquarters, has a 30-foot indoor swimming pool and a view of Lake Washington. But the hub of the home is an IBM PC in the den. Many evenings he works at the machine. When he grows tired, he can look up to the ceiling at a giant map of the world. It has been a long way from Mc-Govern buttons.

—By Michael Moritz



The Chairman with Girlfriend Jill Bennett

Sport

Hoops and Huggable Hoyas

Georgetown brings the N.C.A.A. basketball title to the East

For the first time in 30 years, the college basketball champion is a resident of the East, and a private school at that, Georgetown University of Washington, D.C. Whether the emphasis is on private, school or basketball, nobody does it better than Georgetown, where students cheer in Greek and Latin (*Hoya saxa!* What rocks!) under the banner HOYA PARANOIA IS A PARADIGM OF EXCELLENCE.

That irresistible phrase Hoya Paranoia refers mainly to a squabble over press access, an unremarkable circumstance in Washington. John Thompson, the coach, is too concerned with his players' needs to worry about their biographers' convenience; also, college basketball cannot bear too much investigative reporting. Humor is strained more than truth is stretched when Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian jokes that he loves traveling students because "their cars are already paid for." At Boston College, Georgetown's conference companion and Jesuit colleague, a star player who flunked out of school last year was quietly re-enrolled in night classes and kept in the game. The stakes are considerable. For each member of the National Collegiate Athletic Association's final four—Virginia, Kentucky, Houston and Georgetown—the payoff exceeded \$600,000.

A Georgetown graduate on hand in Seattle last week called the ultimate 84-75 victory over Houston a "demonstration of our superior intellect." There are better players in the N.B.A., but it is the fans' ability to suspend reason that sets off the college game. Students and alumni genuinely imagine that they have something in common with the people enlisted to play basketball for them, holding onto the spirit of a time when everyone matriculated together and a few went out for the team. Cynicism is not unknown, only suppressed. In some places, a lot of things are suppressed.

But if all college basketball teams are certain shades of gray, Georgetown at least seems as light as its pewter uniform. An academic coordinator, Mary Fenlon, holds the rank of assistant coach and sits on the bench looking like a cross schoolmarm. Though 7-ft. Center Patrick Ewing regularly says "we was" and "they was," he must be learning something. Senior Guard Fred Brown is asked if the championship makes him feel complete, and he replies thoughtfully, "No, I still have to get my degree." Without irony, Brown says he envisions a career in the FBI, the CIA or the Secret Service.

Once a back-up center to the Boston Celtics' Bill Russell, Thompson is an equally compelling study. "We're good

friends," says Russell, "and philosophical allies." The coach is a mountainous black man with an entirely and overtly black team. Freshman Michael Graham, 6 ft. 9, by some accounts a wanton player, shaves his head. In appearance and manner, he resembles Actor James Earl Jones portraying the boxer Jack Johnson, thumping his chest and shouting, "It's my turn, and I'm going to take my turn." Thompson smiles when he notes, "We like to tease our enemies," but not when he says, "I've stopped worrying about fair and unfair. It doesn't ever balance out."



Thompson and Ewing at the top of their game
Fair and unfair: sometimes it balances out.

Maybe sometimes it does. Two years ago, on a nightmarish reflex, Brown passed the ball to North Carolina's James Worthy, and Georgetown lost the national championship by a point. The memory is of Brown held fast afterward in Thompson's embrace. "One of Fred's mistakes was highlighted," said the coach. "Most of mine weren't even detected." Last week, on a creaky knee, with stabilizing Guard Gene Smith disabled completely, Brown saw the Hoyas through their few unsettling moments. Thompson hugged each man as he came off the court but swung Brown like a semaphore flag.

Being the first black coach to win the championship is a bittersweet distinction to Thompson. "It implies I am the first one who had the ability," he says, rather than one of the first who had the op-

portunity. "I'm thinking of Bighouse Gaines [Winston-Salem], John McLendon [Cleveland State] and many others. People are black or white by accident."

Houston lost very hard, particularly Nigerian Center Akeem Abdul Olajuwon. This was the Cougars' and Olajuwon's third consecutive sojourn to the last stop of the tournament, their second finals setback in a row. Wildly talented but still missing the subtleties of the game, and not just the game, Akeem wept and blamed his teammates. Though his Houston teams have won 562 games over 28 seasons, once again Coach Guy Lewis was denigrated as a bumpkin.

Meanwhile, Virginia's Terry Holland grew in wisdom over one season, improving from a miserable bum who could not win with three-time Player-of-the-Year Ralph Sampson to a bright tactician who went unexpectedly far without him. Kentucky Coach Joe B. Hall, who has won one national title since succeeding Adolph Rupp in 1972, knows about expectations. Of all the passionate basketball regions, Kentucky has the oddest priorities. In education attained, the state ranks 50th in the U.S. but no Kentuckian begrudges spending on the Wildcats.

In the second half of the semifinal game, a towering Kentucky team under construction for five years suddenly found that it could not throw the ball into the Ohio River from the deck of the *Delta Queen*. Georgetown's defense was staunch, but 30 misses in 33 shots came close to qualifying as an act of a righteous God. It was the most memorable performance of the season. —By Tom Callahan

Mountains High

Kareem skies past Wilt

On a "sky hook," a shot he devised at the age of nine and the height of 5 ft. 8 in. when all of his standard attempts had been blocked, 7-ft. 2-in. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar supplanted 7-ft. 1-in. Wilt Chamberlain last week as the National Basketball Association's most prolific scorer. Over 13 professional years, Chamberlain amassed 31,419 points, up to 100 at a time. Abdul-Jabbar, 36, is in his 15th season and showing no signs of halting. With a typical display of integrity, the Laker pivotman could not restrain himself from scoring 22 points, one more than needed, in a 14-point victory over Utah in Las Vegas, although the city of Los Angeles had hoped he would set the record there the following night. "I never played for records," he said. "Whatever I do, I do to help us win." Chamberlain, 47, who was not present at the game, has seemed pleased for Abdul-Jabbar while perplexed at the same time. "If this record is so great," he said, "well, it's only one of about 90 I held."

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You see, after two years, the GTI hasn't changed. So why should the acclaim?

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The more you hear

What would long distance service be

if it only served selected cities
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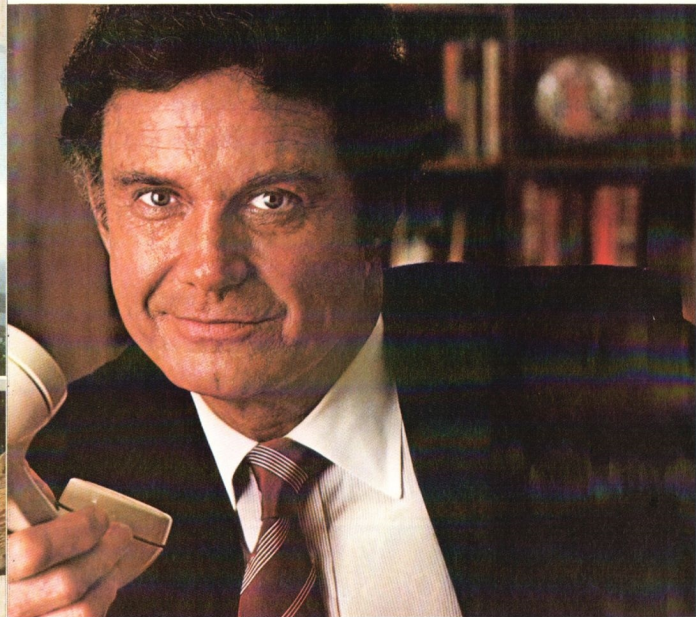
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Living

Art for Wine's Sake

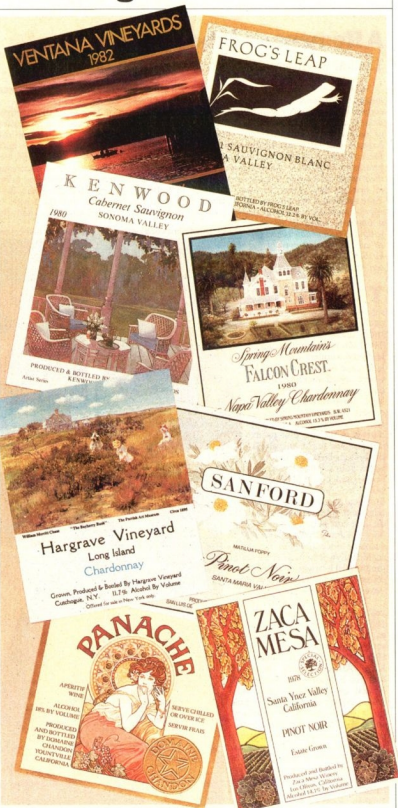
Small vineyards make their mark with elegant labels

When there were relatively few wine makers and their names were mostly well known, the illustrations on labels were usually austere monotone depictions of vine rows or châteaux. With the proliferation of new vineyards in the past 15 years, more and more wineries have learned that a distinctive label can be the decisive factor in selling a bottle. Artful packaging, most notably in California, has become almost as important in the industry as the vintner's art. Says Marshall Ream of the Santa Ynez Valley's Zaca Mesa Winery: "You've got to put on a better suit of clothes to be invited to the party."

Every year since 1945, Château Mouton-Rothschild, one of the world's greatest wines, has enhanced its name by decorating its labels with the work of the greatest artists of the time, from Picasso to Chagall. A number of smaller American vineyards have now taken label decoration a step further: emphasizing the artwork over the maker's name. Styles include art nouveau, abstract and realistic; at least one vineyard is putting photography on labels. Zaca Mesa uses several styles, clothing some of its varietals with twin panels of golden oaks and distant hills. Says Ream: "If you go into the supermarket—where the industry is headed—you want people to see the label from a distance."

The Santa Maria Valley's Sanford Winery and Monterey County's Ventana Vineyards regularly vary their labels: Sanford features wild flowers of the area, while Ventana uses dramatic color photos taken by Co-Owner Shirley Meador. Napa Valley's Frog's Leap has a whimsical depiction of, yes, a frog leaping. Inevitably, the Falcon Crest television series, based on a fictional California wine-making family, has inspired a wine of the same name; made by Napa Valley's Spring Mountain Vineyards, it uses the familiar screen mansion on its labels. A few East Coast vintners have splashed their labels with color. Hargrave Vineyard of Cutchogue, N.Y., uses art associated with its Long Island location.

Napa Valley-based Artist Sebastian Titus and Partner Wesley Poole, who have made labels for some 50 wine makers, always sample the product before turning to the palette. Says Titus: "Consumers will buy a pretty label once, but if the wine isn't good, they won't buy it again." Moreover, the wine lover who used to be embarrassed by the rows of empty bottles in his house can now label himself an art collector. ■



Video

A Romance of the Raj

The Far Pavilions, HBO, April 22, 23, 24, 8 p.m. E.S.T.

Come to exotic India! Surrender to the magic and romance of the East! See snow-capped peaks and dusty plains. Visit pastel palaces and brooding temples. Ride painted pachyderms, wander through crowded bazaars, and puff contentedly on a hookah. Meet scheming maharajahs and delicate princesses with those funny earrings in their noses. Sit back as lissome native girls in swirling saris dance for your delight. Take advantage of this once in a lifetime offer: witness the traditional Indian suttee, a barbaric ritual in which a willing Hindu widow is cremated on the funeral pyre of her husband. India. A country of contrasts. See it for yourself.

The *Far Pavilions*, a six-hour, three-part mini-series on HBO is a sumptuous package tour of 19th century India under the British Raj. The lush, romantic travelogue leisurely wanders the flowery landscape of Victorian fiction, where swashbuckling heroes die happily for Mother England, wasp-waisted ladies in corsets palpitate at the prospect of illicit love, fawning natives in turbans plot palace intrigue, and florid, harrumphing senior officers shoulder the white man's burden. The production, based on M.M. Kaye's 1978 bestseller, represents pay cable's first real venture in "long-form" television. Filmed on location in India at a cost of more than \$12 million, *The Far Pavilions* deserves the accolade once reserved for large-scale Hollywood epics: every dollar (and rupee) is "right up there on the screen." Cecil B. DeMille could not have called for more elephants.

The story covers some twenty years, from the great mutiny of 1857 until the second Afghan War, as seen through the intense, close-set eyes of Ashton Pelham-Martyn (Ben Cross). Like Kipling's hero Kim, Ashton is the orphaned child of English-speaking parents. Raised by an Indian nurse, who passes the boy off as her son Ashok, he is discovered by Britons and shipped home to England to become a proper sahib. As a young man, he returns to India, joins the crack Corps of Guides, valiantly leads expeditions into the Afghan mountains, and suffers a grievous casualty at the hands of a snippy English woman who rejects his of-

fer of marriage. But another pair of mascaraed eyes is just around the corner.

When Ashton is ordered to accompany an elaborate royal wedding procession across India, he falls desperately in love with Princess Anjali (Amy Irving), a half-caste whom he first adored as a child. Before they can ride off into the crimson sunset, numerous complications arise, including a valiant defense of the British embassy in Kabul and the rescue of Anjali from a cruel marriage and the

threat of suttee. So much for narrative.

The real story is whether the proud and cheeky Englishman is Ashok or Ashton. Cross, best remembered for his athletics in *Chariots of Fire*, gives a strong, unfussy performance and looks equally at home in British regimental uniform and silk dhoti. The uneasy citizen of opposing worlds continually suffers from cultural schizophrenia: "... shall always be two people in one skin, which is not a comfortable thing to be." Only Anjali can make him whole. As the Indian princess, Amy Irving is properly equipped with saris and clichés, but she looks as though she had been dipped in cocoa for the role. Still, Irving bears up well in a difficult part; it cannot have been easy to play a dignified

love scene and utter lines like "... men are careless of their seed."

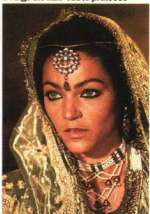
The Far Pavilions offers an expanse of glittering surface; anyone who wants to sample the sights and sounds of 19th century India need look no further. On the details of politics and social struggles, the mini-series is mini indeed. Although Cross has bouts of sneering indignation, British imperialism comes off as vaguely benevolent paternalism imposed on unruly children. Thousands may be killed, but the real battlefield is always the heart. Emotions eclipse treaties, and it is passion rather than espionage that constitutes what Kipling dubbed "the great

game." All this is in keeping with television's now standard formula of adapting a hefty bestseller to the small screen by silhouetting a pair of lovers against a grand historical tapestry. While the costumes and scenery may change, the heavy breathing remains the same: just exchange George Washington's tricornered hat for a turban. Unlike film, the mini-series is capable of infinite horizontal extension, and *The Far Pavilions* sometimes seems to be even longer and more convoluted than the elaborate wedding procession that snakes its way across the Indian countryside. Yet in the end, the journey yields a pleasant sort of weariness. After all, *The Far Pavilions* is not history, but romance, best symbolized by that caravan of elephants proudly carrying delicate princesses in luxuriously appointed howdahs. The viewers, like the travelers, are trundled slowly but surely along, secure in the knowledge that, however loud the shots or wails, they will arrive safely, if sleepily, at their destinations. —By Richard Stengel

Cross: caught between cultures



Irving: the half-caste princess



A royal widow in the act of suttee is engulfed by flames



People

"When people think of *Dynasty*," coos **Linda Evans**, 41, who plays Krystle Carrington, "they think of elegance." Right, so when the show's producers and stars think of the hit series, they think exploitation. And they are not talking cheap sleaze here, they are talking expensive. Fans who do not get enough of the upscale upsets that plague the Carrington family each week can now live as if they had taken up permanent residence next door to the oil-rich Denver denizens. Last week 20th Century-Fox Licensing Corp. unveiled the *Dynasty* T.V. Col-



Haute hard sell: Evans and drink

lection. Eventually the abundance of show-inspired products will range from tuxedos, lingerie, shoes and suits to household linens, china and a full line of jewelry going for \$500 to \$20,000 a bauble. In addition, and addition is the point, there will be a new perfume named for Krystle (\$150 an ounce). On her own, Evans is lending her name to a new low-cal drink called Crystal Light. Won't all this cross commercialization muddy the good Carrington name? Nonsense, nothing sticks to the Carringtons. So why should this stuff?

Five years ago, she was lured from Broadway to cross the bridge and try her charms on the thriving sound stages in Queens, N.Y. **Claudette Colbert** made ten films there with the likes of Gary Cooper, Maurice Chevalier and Edward G. Robinson, while continuing to

do plays. But the Astoria movie studio eventually faded away, and Colbert left the Big Apple for Hollywood glory. Last week the French-born actress was back in Queens for a day at the revamped Kaufman Astoria studio, where a renovated building with the largest sound stage outside Hollywood was named in her honor. "I feel sensational and really a little sentimental," said Colbert, who looked both. Indeed, it was hard to say which of her selves was lovelier as she delightedly encountered a cardboard cutout from her film *Cleopatra*, which she made at 29. Now 78, she is still working. This week she starts rehearsals in London with **Rex Harrison**, 76, for a West End revival of the 1923 comedy *Aren't We All?*

The 6-ft. 4-in. pitcher has a reputation as a fireballing righthander, but when fans wonder about the caliber of his rifle, they have the real thing in mind. Minnesota's **Albert Williams** (who opened the season, and lost, for the Twins last week) is the only known former Sandinista guerrilla in the major leagues. Back in 1977, when the Nicaraguan-born athlete was in the Pittsburgh Pirates farm system, the Somoza government declined to renew his visa. As a Twins guidebook laconically puts it, "This prompted Al to sign up with the Sandinista National Liberation Front guerrillas,

Williams: big-league rebel



Sentimental journey: Colbert with herself as Cleopatra in 1934

and he was engaged in jungle fighting against the forces of Anastasio Somoza for the next 16 months." Williams confirms it all but politely declines to talk about those days or why and how he left (he has relatives still living in Nicaragua). "That's in the past," he says. "I live for the future."

The yarn began, or at least reagan, two years ago when **Samuel Marx**, a story editor and producer at MGM, was looking through the studio's files and stumbled on an unpublished work by **Graham Greene** called *The Tenth Man*. The manuscript, a film treatment that was never pursued, was forgotten even by its creator. After a British publisher paid MGM \$11,000 (plus royalties) for the right to print it, the horrified author considered trying to block publication. Then after rereading the tale of a wealthy Frenchman who escapes the Nazis by having someone else shot in his place, Greene changed his mind. "To my disquiet, I found it was really rather good," he says. "It is a short novel." Greene, 79, fixed up "a word here and there" and

agreed to write an introduction for the book, which will appear next spring. Meanwhile, Producer Marx, 82, is still excited about his find and is trying to convince Hollywood that it will make as good a movie now as it would have 40 years ago.

—By Guy D. Garcia

On the Record

Yuri Lyubimov, 66, exiled Soviet stage director, who was recently ousted from his Moscow theater by authorities: "No foreign enemy, no matter how much he hated Russia, could possibly do the damage to our culture that these stupid little men have done."

Diana Vreeland, *grande dame* of fashion: "A little bad taste is like a nice splash of paprika. No taste is what I'm against."

Tomás Borge Martínez, 54, Interior Minister of Nicaragua, on his country's Marxist government: "Class struggle can be seen either from the point of view of hate or from the point of view of love. State coercion is an act of love."

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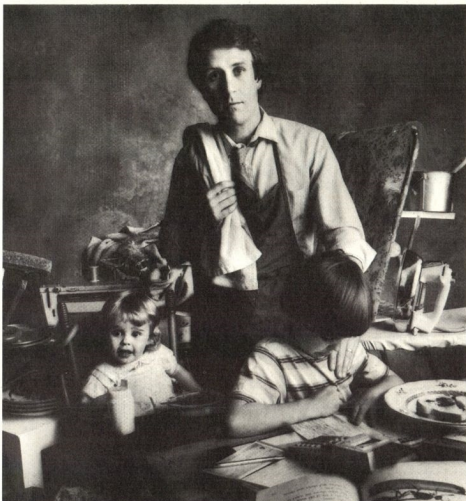
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The Room, 1952-54: a kinship with the higher literary porn



The Street, 1933: rigorous, mysterious, erudite, theatrical

Art

Poisoned Innocence, Surface Calm

At the Metropolitan, the problematic French painter Balthus

Two artists in our century have won worldwide fame by creating works whose best-known image is the child as sex object. One was the writer Vladimir Nabokov; the other is the painter Balthus. He is the antimodernist's modernist. His retrospective at the Pompidou Center in Paris this past winter drew large crowds, and in a March auction in London, one of his paintings went for more than \$1 million.

The Paris show, with some additions and substitutions, has the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City—without Balthus's full blessing, it would seem, since he was offended by the number of facts about his life given by Art Historian Sabine Rewald in her catalogue. Balthus hates any biographical disclosures to be made: the Paris catalogue did not even give his date of birth. "Just say," he told the art critic John Russell, who organized a Balthus retrospective at the Tate Gallery in 1968, "that Balthus is a painter about whom nothing is known." However, enough of his work has been assembled at the Met to give ample grounds for judging a painter whose oeuvre has been fetishized and un-

derrated to equally striking degrees.

There is, of course, no question which treatment he prefers. For 16 years Balthus was director of the French Academy at the Villa Medici in Rome: never a sinecure for the meek, and perhaps not since Ingres's day held by a more indurated snob than Balthus. One can follow his appetite for grandeur as the name evolves: plain Balthasar Klossowski to start, then Balthasar de Klossowski, then Klossowski de Rola, and now, in his eighth de-

cade, the "Comte de Rola." The fact that he has been able to fend off inquiry about his origins for so long is a tribute to the alarm that this glacial, gifted and pretentious man inspires in the French. The ostensible aim of his façade is to fade away, like the Cheshire cat (Balthus is fond of cats), and leave only the work, like the grin, hanging in the air. But the real result, of which Balthus must be meticulously aware, is to create a myth about himself: the painter as romantic hero, a Byronic creature with a secret wound and obscurely exalted origins.

The facts of Balthus's life, as related by Rewald, are interesting but far from sensational. The big secret turns out merely to be that he is part Jewish. Balthus was born in

Paris in 1908 to East European émigré parents, both artists. They raised him in a cultivated milieu that included the poet Rainer Maria Rilke, with whom his mother was infatuated and who became a surrogate father to the boy after the Klossowskis separated.

Living in genteel poverty—"Russian pathos," Rilke called it—Balthus and his mother limped from one exile to another: Berlin, Geneva, Berlin again, and finally, in 1924, back to Paris. By then the 16-year-old boy, unsettled by the hand-to-mouth nature of his life and the anti-Semitism of the Berliners, was doing poorly at school. But with encouragement from his doting, tenacious mother



Decorum replaces intensity in Japanese Figure with a Black Mirror, 1967-76
An oeuvre that has been equally fetishized and underrated.

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and from Rilke, he had constructed an inner room, an astoundingly precocious life as a budding artist.

His formal art education began in Paris in the early '20s. Balthus shied away from politico-aesthetic groups like the surrealists. After such a childhood, who needed the insecurities of the avant-garde? Instead he settled down to study the fathers: Poussin and Courbet in France and, supreme among the Italians, Piero della Francesca. The clarity and density of Piero's figures, their presence as signs in geometrically ordered space—that was what impressed Balthus. He also made designs for the stage, which in turn influenced his painting. Theater-plus-Piero gave the cues to *The Street*, 1933, an exceedingly odd painting constructed like a Swiss watch.

We are in a banal Paris street, the Rue Bourbon-le-Château. Yet the scene is far from ordinary. The orthogonals and links between objects give it a tense, mathematical substructure with all manner of arcane rhymes: the triad, for instance, of the red ball on the ground, the globe over the door and the pompon on the boy's cap. The cast of characters is mixed. The man in white might be a baker, or perhaps Christ carrying the *lignum crucis*; the two boys are Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the twins from Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*. It did not escape Balthus that Carroll had a thing about little girls: Tweedledum is molesting Alice. Most of the themes of Balthus's mature work are announced in this strikingly precocious painting: the rigorous yet mysterious space, the haughtily erudite quotations from high art, the choice of sex object, the theatricalization of rape.

Throughout the '30s and '40s, densely academic images of slightly poisoned girlish innocence would become Balthus's stock-in-trade. He did portraits too. His rendering of André Derain as a jowly menhir of flesh in a dressing gown is surely one of the great portraits of the century. But the schoolgirls were his preoccupation. Nobody could call them obscene; they have Art written all over them. Yet they have a great deal in common with the higher literary porn of the '40s, in which writers like Georges Bataille or André Pieyre de Mandiargues wove faultless conservative embroidery on a disdainfully erotic vision. Balthus's quintessential (and least seen) painting of that sort, *The Guitar Lesson*, is not in the show. But others, hardly less remarkable, are. Among them is *The Room*, 1952-54, whose teen-age girl sprawls in a posture of utter abandon, like a sunbather but in a dark room, while a malicious-looking dwarf yanks back the curtain to flood her body with light.

The side of Balthus not predicted by *The Street* was suggested, in 1937, by *The Mountain*. This enormous scene of young hikers in the Bernese Oberland holds so many references—from Courbet, Caspar David Friedrich and Poussin, for starters—that it approaches pastiche. It creaks

with the ambition to be a masterpiece and is regularly taken for one, though its composition has the spottily grand look of an academic mistake. But the figure of Balthus's blond wife, hands stretched above her head, rising from the dark plateau into the zone of early-morning sun, is a prime lyric invention; and the color has a resonant, hallucinated distinctness that brings early Miró to mind. Balthus would eventually paint some of the best landscapes of his time. The pick of them, perhaps, is *Larchant*, 1939, with its luminous sheet of sky and its mellow, precise interlockings of building, field and mound.

Not all Balthus's landscapes achieve this unremitting gravity. When he tried to carry a picture more on quotation than on sight, he ended up with enameled parodies of Claude like *Landscape of Champrovent*, 1941-43. The more he cast himself as the last conduit of classical prototypes, the



Balthus in 1956: an appetite for grandeur

"Just say . . . nothing is known."

stiffer and more self-satisfied his work became, a decline most evident after he moved to the Villa Medici in 1961. The measured suppleness of Balthus's paint surface now began to ossify, acquiring a thick, chalky, fresco-like appearance. It was meant to suggest the warmth and historical patina of old Roman walls, and so it did, but in a merely decorative way. "Pierrot della Francesca," the gibe of one of Balthus's contemporaries, hits the late paintings dead center.

Taste, decorum and an attitudinizing kind of augustness creep in to replace the former intensity, with the unforeseen result that Balthus seems more given to pastiche now than he was 40 years ago. In a painting like *Japanese Figure with a Black Mirror*, 1967-76, the way he quotes the artificial perspective of Edo prints looks almost complacent, despite the witty sense of sexual packaging conveyed by the white obi round the girl's naked waist. What Balthus now produces, most of the time, is salon art; and one longs for that vulpine sharpness, that coexistence of surface calm and predatory desire, that made him the sometimes rather disagreeable poet he once was.

—By Robert Hughes



*The Bushnell family
on their 12th visit to Bermuda.*

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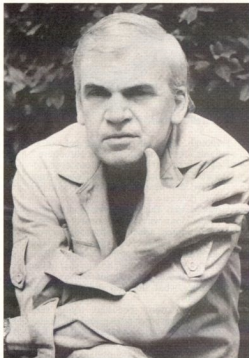
THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING by Milan Kundera, translated by Michael Henry Heim; Harper & Row; 314 pages; \$15.95

In *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*, published in the U.S. in 1980, Author Milan Kundera brilliantly fused passion and playfulness. That book's collection of seven loosely related stories danced around a central, somber event: the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. The resulting oppression halted the liberal reforms that blossomed during the famous Prague Spring of 1968 and eventually drove a number of intellectuals and artists, including Kundera, from their native country. Songs of exile are sad, by definition. Yet Kundera's added a comic vision capable of seeing both oppressors and oppressed locked in battle against a common enemy, the bizarre senselessness of a world in which all human choices lead to debacles.

The tale of that struggle is continued in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, which seems at first simply a replication of *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*. Again, the Soviet crackdown becomes a watershed in the experience of Kundera's people, making the past irretrievable and the future ominous. Again, the author divides his fiction into seven parts. This time, though, the connections between them are firmer. Four main characters keep reappearing, and their lives, though not always displayed chronologically, assume the extended contours of traditional love stories.

Tomas is a respected Prague surgeon in his 30s and a compulsive womanizer. A business trip to the provinces brings him in contact with Tereza, who tends bar at a local hotel. It is love at first sight as far as she is concerned, and Tomas soon finds her ensconced in his Prague apartment, not just as a sexual drop-in but as someone who evidently plans to spend the rest of her nights there. To his amazement, the prospect pleases him.

His marriage to Tereza does not curb Tomas' appetite for other women: "Why then give them up? He saw no more reason for that than to deny himself soccer matches." But Sabina, a painter who is his favorite mistress of the moment, senses a change: "Showing through the outline of Tomas the libertine, incredibly, the face of a romantic lover." Then it is 1968, a time of more violent change for the entire country. Tomas and Tereza emigrate to Zurich, where he has been promised a job in a prominent hospital. Sabina goes to Geneva and falls into a love affair with Franz, an unhappily married professor. It is her fate to shuck off the past: parents,



Milan Kundera: feeling infinite love for the condemned

Excerpt

“All previous crimes of the Russian empire had been committed under the cover of a discreet shadow. The deportation of a million Lithuanians, the murder of hundreds of thousands of Poles, the liquidation of the Crimean Tatars remain in our memory, but no photographic documentation exists; sooner or later they will therefore be proclaimed as fabrications. Not so the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, of which both stills and motion pictures are stored in archives throughout the world.

Seven days in a row, Tereza roamed the streets, photographing Russian soldiers and officers in compromising situations. The Russians did not know what to do. They had been carefully briefed about how to behave if someone fired at them or threw stones, but they had received no directives about what to do when “ someone aimed a lens. ”

the precepts of her Communist Youth League childhood and, in turn, all of her lovers: "What fell to her lot was not the burden but the unbearable lightness of being." The weight of existence descends on Tomas and Tereza. Homesick and upset by her husband's continued philandering, she returns to Czechoslovakia, and he follows, knowing that the authorities will forbid him to practice medicine at all.

What to make of Tomas' choice? Philosophically, Kundera insists, such a question is moot: "Human life occurs only once, and the reason we cannot determine which of our decisions are good and which bad is that in a given situation we can make only one decision; we are not granted a second, third or fourth life in which to compare various decisions." Yet the emotional story reveals a kind of answer. Near the end, Tomas drives a pickup truck for a cooperative farm in a rural village. In a fit of remorse, Tereza apologizes for having dragged him back from a promising career in Switzerland, for using the weakness of her jealousy to enfeeble him. He responds, "Haven't you noticed I've been happy here, Tereza?"

Given all the trials that have preceded it, Tomas' statement seems inconceivable. Kundera has gracefully marshaled armies of evidence to prove that happiness is impossible "in the trap the world has become." The villain is not despotism, criminal regimes (although they are thoroughly villainous) but consciousness itself: "Human time does not turn in a circle; it runs ahead in a straight line. That is why man cannot be happy; happiness is the longing for repetition." Yet Tomas somehow achieves the impossible.

At its most intense level, Kundera's fiction debates itself to a standstill of lucid repose. Moments of Olympian distance, in which the author shows his mortals ignorantly creeping toward oblivion, alternate with passages of stirring intimacy, with the novelist playing cheerleader, urging victories for everyone. Sabina's discarded lover Franz joins a ragtag crusade of Western intellectuals and liberal hangers-on. This entourage arrives at a remote bridge leading from Thailand to Cambodia. Someone with a bullhorn demands that the occupying Vietnamese allow doctors to cross the border and treat the Cambodian sick and wounded. The answer is silence: "In a flash of insight Franz saw how laughable they all were, but instead of cutting him off from them or flooding him with irony, the thought made him feel the kind of infinite love we feel for the condemned." The moment is pure Kundera, a triumph of wisdom over bitterness, hope over despair

—By Paul Gray

Books



Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen and Candice, 6: a peculiar sibling rivalry

Charlie's Sister

KNOCK WOOD by Candice Bergen
Simon & Schuster; 356 pages; \$15.95

Memoirs of movie actresses are expected to be long on gossip, short on wit and veracity, and inferior in humility to the autobiographies of deposed presidential aides. They are also expected to be ghostwritten, or catered: you call the service, and they do the book. So much for expectations. Candice Bergen's account of her first 38 years not only is handwritten, it is one of the better books of the season so far: a shrewd, funny, loving and sometimes appalling account of how it felt to grow up in a family that was singular even in Hollywood.

Young Candy was, of course, the daughter of Edgar Bergen, the enormously popular ventriloquist who delighted the country Sunday evenings on radio's Chase & Sanborn show. But that meant that she was also the little sister of Charlie McCarthy, Bergen's cheeky, insulting, wise-guy dummy. A peculiar sibling rivalry existed, in fact, that went far beyond the obvious joke kept alive by newspaper feature writers. Charlie was a startling alter ego for the dour Swedish ventriloquist—that was what made the act work so well—and he was already a star when Candy was tiny. She remembers that her father would put her on one of his knees, with Charlie sitting on the other, and squeeze the back of her neck, imitating the way he worked Charlie's mouth. She would open and close her own mouth without speaking, and her father would improvise a dialogue, talking first in Charlie's voice and then in a little-girl voice.

When she was five, Candy made her first appearance on the radio show, and when she got applause, the jealous Charlie said, "That's enough, folks. That's

enough. Let's not let things get out of hand. Goodbye, little girl, get outta here." (The sly title of her book is a modest exaction of vengeance against such abuse from the wooden-headed dummy.) She said her lines perfectly, and she thought her father was pleased. But Bergen was a stiff, inarticulate man who found it nearly impossible to express affection physically or verbally. And Charlie, who made jokes about not wanting her around, was not really a mocking older brother, he was part of her father. It was difficult for her to know whether what she had done was good enough.

The patterns persisted: trying very hard to please her father, and doing star turns before she, and others, felt she had earned them. In her late teens she enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania to study photojournalism, dashing up to New York to become, without visible effort, a top

model. Director Sidney Lumet gave her the small but highly important role of the lesbian Lakey in his film of Mary McCarthy's novel *The Group*. Playing at moviemaking, the blond 19-year-old would waft on set without sleep after a night on the town, and further outrage the intense young actresses in the cast by taking notes for a "what I did on my summer vacation" article to be published in *Esquire*.

She had inherited stunning beauty from her mother Frances, a lovely Southerner who married the middle-aged Bergen when she was little more than a girl. But Candy had some of her father's stiffness as well, and Pauline Kael's article in *LIFE* about *The Group* reported that "as an actress, her only flair is in her nostrils." The author admits that Kael was right, but the chastisement did not send her running to acting school. She began a period in which she had an affair with an Austrian count, learning to speak English with the slightest of accents, as if it were a second language. She found it

difficult to explain to titled dinner companions, whose parents did nothing but shoot animals, precisely what it was that her own father did for a living. She chose her films because the locations appealed to her, and it is clear to her on hindsight that she might have paid more attention to the scripts. Her chilly beauty aroused thoughts of ravishment, at least in the minds of directors, and for one torrid scene, in *Soldier Blue*, it was determined that she required larger breasts. To her amazement, she recalls, her thorax was coated with Vaseline, a cast was made, and a jumbo rubber bosom was prepared. Nude scenes embarrassed her, but she found herself wondering whether, with rubber breasts glued on, she would really be nude. Alas, the footage was not shot.

Her manner as she recounts such imponderables is graceful and funny. It is also ladylike: she never entangles former companions in rueful confessions. She tells of an unsatisfactory long affair with a well-known director, and although there must be 25,000 people in show business who know his name, she gives him a discreet pseudonym (Robin, for Robin Hood, because of his left-wing politics). She has a good eye for the bizarre and plenty of material to use it on, including a strange dinner date with Henry Kissinger and several Secret Service agents. She spent a good part of the evening, she says, lecturing the patient Henry on the evils of the Viet Nam War.

This is a book about growing up, and at some point after she turned 30, Candice began to settle down, studying acting, stop dating Secretaries of State, and make her peace with her father. Her account of Bergen's decline and death is touching, and the reader feels a real victory when at last she is able to tell the old entertainer she loves him. Her marriage four years ago to French Director Louis Malle (*Lacombe Lucien*, *Pretty Baby*) was the act of an adult, not a rebellious daughter, and fittingly she says little more than that it is warm and strong.

—By John Shaw



Candice Bergen

Wanderings

AT THE BORDER
by Robert Hemenway
Atheneum; 240 pages; \$14.95

Some pigeons refuse to be holed. Is this polished, melancholy work a novel? Or is it simply a group of stories sharing a common protagonist? Is its leading man, John Everett, a modern knight errant sacrificing himself to obsolete notions of romantic love? Or is he merely a maundering hick, caroming off women who easily recognize the traits of a user? Is his creator, Robert Hemenway, an artist of light-meter sensitivity? Or is he simply a construction worker employing the worn materials of bromides and reveries?

Because all these questions can be answered in the affirmative, Hemenway, 62,

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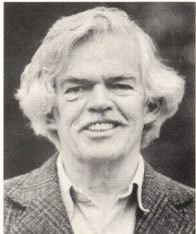
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Books

provides one of the most difficult cases in modern American writing. The author's talent is unquestionable. His first collection showed fluency and wit; its title story, *The Girl Who Sang with the Beatles*, won the O. Henry Award in 1970. *At the Border* is Hemenway's first published work since that impressive debut.

As before, the author concentrates memory and feelings into a small space: "He had once heard Paul Tillich lecture at Chicago, and when he spoke of the void, bringing the word up from deep inside his body, you could feel it, feel the emptiness and the terror of the emptiness." That terror stalks Everett through seven separate phases, from early childhood to late middle age. After his mother's death in childbirth, young John is raised by maternal grandparents in Michigan. The introverted boy derives his notion of love from medieval romances, and the real world seems a strange, indecipherable place. It will always remain that way. At college, philosophies and theories present themselves, but Everett prefers tangible things: "I can tell you what I do want to do when our discussions get really abstract. Go out on the Midway and roll on the grass."

When he exchanges the abstract of the classroom for the concrete of Manhattan, enlightenment is not involved in the trade. Everett's career as an editor is staid; an early marriage dissolves in diffi-



Robert Hemenway

A lengthening line of unsatisfactory liaisons.

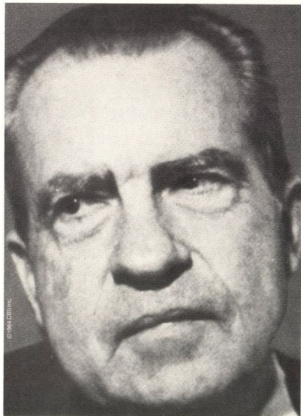
dence, and his wife and young daughter move on. Happiness, Everett concludes, is like one of those ideas at the university: too difficult to grasp, and therefore best evaded. In the end, after another failed marriage and numerous unsatisfying affairs, the compulsive wanderer is still at the border, both of feeling and of countries, as he sojourns in Europe. "Why go home?" he wonders. "Why go back to

America? . . . He had no obligations any longer—not really . . . not to his daughter, not to his job. He would go to Vienna."

When *At the Border* does not sound like a Billy Joel song, it displays authenticity and poignance. At his best, Hemenway has a sure sense of urban life and involvements, of apartments so tiny that even ideas have to enter single file; of affairs that begin and end on chance remarks; of yearnings for culture buried deep within the city's most anonymous dwellers. But these virtues are nearly undone by relentless mannerisms. Whenever Everett reaches an impasse, he conveniently has a dream, recollected in detail that Freud would admire. Attempts at plain speaking frequently result in a piling on of clichés: Everett knows an object "like the back of his hand"; women have "impenetrable" eyes. Exclamation points detonate with the flatness of dropped light bulbs: "How warm the air was!"; "How his father talked!"

Perhaps all this was inevitable: those existential props, the Man Between and the Border, need a fresher approach than laconic narrative, no matter how charged with significance. Hemenway's best passages remain celebrations of the ordinary: meals, lovemaking, conversations with friends. For him, as for so many contemporary American writers, home is where the art is.

—By Stefan Kanfer



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Cinema

The Spring Collection from Paris

Buddies, ballrooms and counterfeit bills in four French films

LE BAL

Oh how we danced... through half a century of French history in one Paris ballroom. The songs change along with the styles of dress and behavior. Only the faces remain the same. Twelve men and ten women dance to the music of their times: the Popular Front of 1936, the Occupation of 1940, the Liberation of '44, the G.I. invasion of '46, the first rock-'n'-roll siege in '56, the student uprising of May '68, all as refracted through the cracked prism of the Mitterrand '80s.

Le Bal has no dialogue—only song, dance and wallflower vignettes. A forlorn aristocrat fishes his monocle out of a champagne glass, fixes it in his eye, and one bubbly tear slides down his face. A 1930s hard-boiled hero, based on the young Jean Gabin, reappears 20 years later as the aging Gabin's Inspector Maigret. There is plenty of verve here but little charm; the relentless closeups favored by Director Ettore Scola (*A Special Day*, *La Nuit de Varennes*) turn every character into a comic-pathetic gargoyle. It is left to the nostalgic sound track to evoke the emotions of a nation as the Nazis stormed in and the Americans took over and the Revolution failed... and the band played on.

L'ARGENT

Walking into a Robert Bresson film can be like waking up on top of Mount Everest: the air is thin and chilly, no living thing disturbs the silence, and the view is spectacularly disconcerting. Bresson's bleak takes (*Pickpocket*, *The Trial of Joan of Arc*, *Mouchette*) make high-altitude demands. Even the most adventurous viewer is advised to bring an oxygen mask.

The theme of *L'Argent*, Bresson's 13th film in a 50-year career, is both simple and brutal: capitalism is a contagious disease, and the carrier is money. Bourgeois parents reward their sons for lying about money. The surest way out of a sticky situation is bribery. Currency is as counterfeit as the system it supports. A young man (Christian Patey) unknowingly passes a phony 500-franc note, but because his stubborn rectitude marks him as an alien in the kingdom of greed, he must suffer an almost comic series of calamities: fired from his job,

then jailed, then abandoned by his wife (Caroline Lang). His child must die. Finally, his spirit purified into psychosis, Yvon, must kill.

Bresson, a technician of metaphysics, is fascinated by the machinery of injustice. Everything from a bank's cash dispenser to the French legal system to a finely honed ax is considered for its practical application. Nothing works, except for Bresson's own favorite machine, the movie camera; like Yvon, it refuses to



An American G.I. and a young Frenchwoman jitterbug in *Le Bal*



Lang visits Convict Patey in *L'Argent*



Richard and Depardieu in *Les Compères*; Huppert in *Best Friend Musical*, tragic, farcical, comic; all in the French style.

counterfeit obedience to a society motivated by its own corruption. Bresson, too, regards humanity with the ferocious passivity of a stone lion on some abandoned antique isle. At 76 he has made his most serene and terrifying film to date, one that strikes at its target like a bolt of judgment flung from an Olympus on Mars.

LES COMPÈRES

Francis Veber believes in machinery too: the ageless contrivances of farce. Here, as in his scripts for *La Cage aux Folles*, *L'Emmerdeur* (remade in the U.S. as *Buddy Buddy*) and *Partners*, Veber throws a tough guy and a soft guy into an improbable stew, mixes identities, spices with a gangster or two and stirs to a giddy boil.

Les Compères sets two men—Crime Reporter Gérard Depardieu and Chronic Depressive Pierre Richard—on the trail of a runaway teen-ager each believes to be his son.

As director, Veber elicits endearingly screwball performances from his leads: Depardieu, who looks like the last side of beef they hauled out of Les Halles, and Richard, his cartoon face ever ready to burst into laughter or tears. Hollywood has lately been filching French comedies as source material (*The Toy*, *The Man Who Loved Women*, *Blame It on Rio*). You may as well see *Les Compères* before some mogul gets the bright idea to cast, say, Clint Eastwood and Jack Lemmon in a remake. Bet they call it *Daddy Daddy*.

MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL

"How can you be such a tramp?" the winsome shlemiel (Coluche) asks his best friend's girl (Isabelle Huppert). "Oh, I've had lots of practice," she shrugs. "I was lucky to start very young." When Writer-Director Bertrand Blier turns his attention to the precocious young (a 13-year-old genius in *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*; a budding stepdaughter in *Beau-Père*) he creates sexual fables poised on the brink of moral anarchy. No such luck in *My Best Friend's Girl* (*La Femme de Mon Pote*), an "adult" triangle about a sadsack disc jockey and a tall, dark and blandsome shop owner both in love with a woman Unworthy of Their Affections. Outfitted in Whore of Babylon red lips and pumps, Huppert is fetching—surprisingly so, considering she has no character to play, only an attitude. As for Blier, his wry French spirit is enervated here. *Ooh la la* has given way to *hélas!* —By Richard Corliss

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Press

Newsweek/Thomas Griffith

Washing Dirty Linen in Public

There comes a time when newspapers, so relentless in pursuit of wrongdoers in government, find that they have wrongdoers on their own staffs. It can happen anywhere; what matters is what the newspaper then does about it: Does it hush up the story, or go all out to report it?

In times past, any scandal reflecting on a newspaper might have been acknowledged briefly, if at all, back among the truss ads. But the best papers have learned from Watergate a lesson that officeholders in government are still learning: any attempt to cover up or to play down a scandal is apt to worsen it.

Just three years ago this month, the Washington *Post* had to admit that its Pulitzer prize-winning story by Janet Cooke about an eight-year-old heroin addict was a hoax. The scandal shocked editors of the *Wall Street Journal*, which put a squad of reporters onto the story and emerged with a tough front-page report ("Lessons for All Journalists").

It appeared two days before the Washington *Post* could publish its own thoroughgoing inquiry by its ombudsmen (an independent critic), who judged the *Post's* performance "inexcusable." The *Post* admitted to squelching its own doubts when Cooke's story was first challenged. One of her superiors, Bob Woodward, reportorial hero of Watergate, said, "We went into our Watergate mode—protect the source and back the reporter."

Now it is the *Wall Street Journal's* time for scandal (see ECONOMY & BUSINESS). The Securities and Exchange Commission tipped off the paper that it was investigating handsome profits being made by investors who had advance knowledge of items written by R. Foster Winans, 35, that would appear in the *Journal's* widely read "Heard on the Street" column.

Determined to be first and fullest in reporting its own embarrassing story, the *Journal* assigned seven or eight reporters to it. Warren H. Phillips, the *Journal's* chairman and chief executive, said, "Our news management told them to cover it as they

would any other company or paper. Just get it all out." The lengthy front-page story that resulted made melancholy reading, but was commendable for its candor. Winans may not have profited from the leaks, but a free-spending colleague, David J. Carpenter, who worked at the *Journal* for 18 months, might have. The *Journal* report was remarkably blunt: "The two are

lovers . . . They live together, and Mr. Winans wears a gold ring given to him by Mr. Carpenter."

Journal editors were sufficiently concerned about the homosexual reference to try out another version of the story on colleagues, identifying Winans' companion this time as a female lover or spouse, just to see whether the relationship had been overstressed simply because homosexuality was involved. The editors concluded that the homosexuality had to be printed. Besides, how would the *Journal* have looked later had another paper come out with "the real, untold story"?

The *Journal* did its own digging, under the direction of Managing Editor Norman Pearlstine. In an editorial titled "Dirty Linen," the *Journal's* said that credibility is "our chief professional pride and one of our most important business assets . . . We are, of course, washing our dirty linen in public. This is precisely the action we have often recommended to others caught in embarrassing episodes."

The *Journal* does have a deserved reputation for tough maximum-disclosure reporting, though its politically conservative editorial page has not in fact been ardent in attacking what is now being called "the sleaze factor" in the Reagan Administration. The President has often gingerly defended his colleagues against attacks from the press as well as from the Democrats. Unlike the Administration, the press undergoes no such persistent, informed scrutiny from the outside. That is all the more reason for those in the press to consider themselves to be not white knights beyond reproach but vulnerable members of the human race.



The *Journal's* Pearlstine

Milestones

DIVORCED. Pierre Elliott Trudeau, 64, Canada's retiring (in June) Prime Minister; and Margaret Trudeau, 35, former jet-setter; after a 13-year marriage (they separated in 1977), three children; in Toronto.

DIED. Elmo Patrick Sonnier, 35, convicted along with his brother of killing a teenage couple in 1977; by electrocution, witnessed by the victims' fathers; in Angola, La. Six hours later in Starke, Fla., Arthur F. Goode III, 30, condemned for the 1976 homosexual murder of a nine-year-old boy, also died in the electric chair. It was the first two-execution day since restoration of the death penalty in 1976.

DIED. Marvin Gaye, 44, sensual, mellow-voiced soul singer who helped create the distinctive Motown sound of the 1960s; of two gunshot wounds inflicted by his fa-

ther, a retired minister (a quarrel about a missing insurance letter smoldered overnight, reignited into yelling and shoving, after which the elder Gaye allegedly shot his son at pointblank range with a .38 handgun); in Los Angeles. It was in his father's church in Washington, D.C., that Gaye began singing, at age three. Signed in 1962 by Motown Records, he turned out such hit singles as *Pride and Joy*, *How Sweet It Is to Be Loved by You* and *I Heard It Through the Grapevine*. Gaye broke out of the Motown mold with a successful social-protest album, *What's Going On*, in 1971, but later suffered personal and financial problems that drove him from the limelight. He staged a comeback in 1982 when his hit single *Sexual Healing* won two Grammy awards. Motown Stars Smokey Robinson and Stevie Wonder were among the eulogists at his funeral.

DIED. Frank Church, 59, former U.S. Senator from Idaho (1957-81), who sought the Democratic presidential nomination in 1976; of pancreatic cancer, in Bethesda, Md. The grandson of Idaho pioneers, he championed civil rights, aid to the aged, and environmental issues, and was an early foe of the Viet Nam War. Of U.S. policy in Latin America he said, "Somehow, some day, this country has got to learn to live with revolution in the Third World."

DIED. Arthur T. ("Bomber") Harris, 91, hard-nosed marshal of the Royal Air Force, who directed Britain's saturation bombing of Germany during World War II; in Goring-on-Thames, England. His strategy of mass night bombing, which inflicted heavy civilian casualties, culminated in the killer raids that destroyed Dresden in early 1945.

Essay

The Powers of Racial Example

The ghost of Tiresias told Ulysses to carry an oar upon his shoulder and walk inland until he met a traveler who did not know what an oar was. Thus Ulysses, exhausted by the sea, would recognize that he was safely home.

Some day, possibly, the American racial odyssey will end, and racial hatred, like the oar, will be an item of bafflement and curiosity: What was the point of all that, anyway? Why was it so fierce, so enduring?

In recent months, the nation has taken a few steps on the inland march. Some of them were merely tokens of motion, but considered together, they amount at least to an interesting procession of symbols. The first black American astronaut went into space. For the first time a black was crowned Miss America. Blacks now are the mayors of four of the largest American cities: Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit. Congress proclaimed a national holiday to honor Martin Luther King Jr., and a conservative Republican President endorsed the idea.

And, in the most significant display, the first black presidential candidate (or the first with a serious following), King's disciple, Jesse Jackson, sits side by side in debate with the two white Senators running for the Democratic nomination. Whatever errors he has made elsewhere in the campaign (stupid, private references to Jews as "Hymie," his close relationship to a poisonous character who heads the Nation of Islam), Jackson has sometimes sounded in the debates like the only grownup in the race. In any case, the spectacle of a young black man treated equally with two whites in a fight for the most powerful office on earth would have been unthinkable in the U.S. a generation ago.

During the '70s, a powerful white politician in New York was discussing the realities of his trade. He shook his head in disgust. "Forget the black vote," he said. "Blacks don't vote." They do now, as New York discovered last week. George Wallace learned the lesson sometime earlier and later found himself out courting the blacks whom he had once symbolically blocked at the schoolhouse door.

It is fitting that Jackson should be the man to inspire the black electorate. For years he has been the one black leader whose attention was focused clearly on the dramatic stage on which the last act of the American racial melodrama will eventually be enacted. That stage is located in the black mind.

The journey of American blacks has been a series of epic passages: the "Middle Passage" from Africa . . . the long passage through slavery to the Emancipation Proclamation . . . the false dawn of Reconstruction . . . the terrorist Klan era with its night-riding death squads . . . the passage north to South Side Chicago and Detroit and Harlem . . . then *Brown vs. Topeka* and desegregation and the Martin Luther King era and the Great Society. What is unfolding now may be thought of in years to come as the Jesse Jackson era for black America. Whatever Jackson's role in the journey, the ultimate passage to be accomplished is the internal passage, the psychological passage.

To say that the last battle must be fought in the minds of blacks themselves strikes some as a perverse exercise of white man's jujitsu, a way of blaming the victim. If psychology is involved, surely it is the white mind that must change, not the black. Anyway, the problems of blacks are not psychological but harsh and external, and if anything, getting worse. There are many black Americans, of course, and it is difficult to make large

generalizations, psychological or otherwise. But statistics can take the overall readings. The median income of blacks is only 55% that of whites. Black unemployment is, as usual, twice that for whites. Many black families are stable, but more than half of black babies are born to unwed mothers. The lives of American blacks are sicker and shorter than those of whites. And so on.

Yes. But as Jackson knows, the ultimate victory over the problems begins in the will and morale and imagination of blacks. The residue of the slave mentality still eats at that morale, still drips acids on the self-esteem. The external arrangements of things (Jim Crow and all the rest) seeped many generations ago into the heart and left there an annihilating anger and, sometimes, a self-loathing. Blackness has found it difficult to esteem itself in the imperiously white contexts of things. Besides, some of the arrangements designed to help poor blacks have simply replicated the patterns of the plantation. It is the same old configuration of subservience and *noblesse oblige*, of dependence and resentment and contempt,

the part of the (benevolent) master played by the Federal Government, and the blacks still living in the slave quarters (ghettos) on the white man's dole.

In the service of black morale, symbols are immensely important. "Tokenism" has a bad name, but tokens have their uses. People become only what they can imagine themselves to be. If they can only imagine themselves working as menials, then they will probably subside into that fate, following that peasant logic by which son follows father into a genetic destiny. If they see other blacks become mayors of the largest cities, become astronauts, become presidential candidates, become Miss Americas and, more to the point, become doctors and scientists and lawyers and pilots and corporate presidents—become successes—then young blacks will begin to comprehend their own possibilities and honor them with work.

For years Jesse Jackson has stood in front of high school audiences and led them in psychological cheers: "I am . . . somebody!" The theme is not original with Jackson. Marcus Garvey, for example, thundered the idea: "Up, you mighty race, you can accomplish what you will!" That is a perfectly American thought, although usually addressed to individuals, not races. The U.S. has always been an immense struggle of the wills of the people who came here, a struggle of cultural and moral energy and discipline. The American Indians' story represents an immense tragedy, a catastrophic demoralization, almost a cultural extinction. Then one sees certain Korean Americans, with their sharp commercial energy, their Confucian family discipline and, often, very rapid rise (in one generation) from vegetable stand to Harvard Medical School. American blacks still struggle between the two states of mind, the one leading toward disintegration, the other toward success and acceptance.

It may be many years before the U.S. elects a black President—or, for that matter, a Mexican-American President or a Korean-American President. But it now becomes thinkable for a black child to entertain a fantasy that grew to be advertised as every white boy's dream: that he might grow up to be President.

Hunger and joblessness are not psychological, but the beginning of the solution is. Symbols can bring change. They have real power in the world. "Firsts" proceed and become seconds and thirds, until they are no longer phenomenal but routine. As that happens, more American blacks will become, in a sense for the first time, citizens of the United States.

—By Lance Morrow

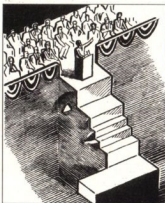


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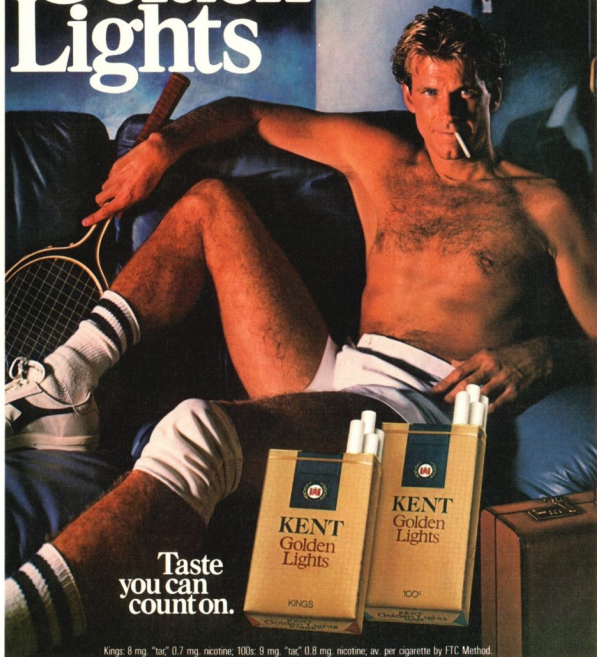


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